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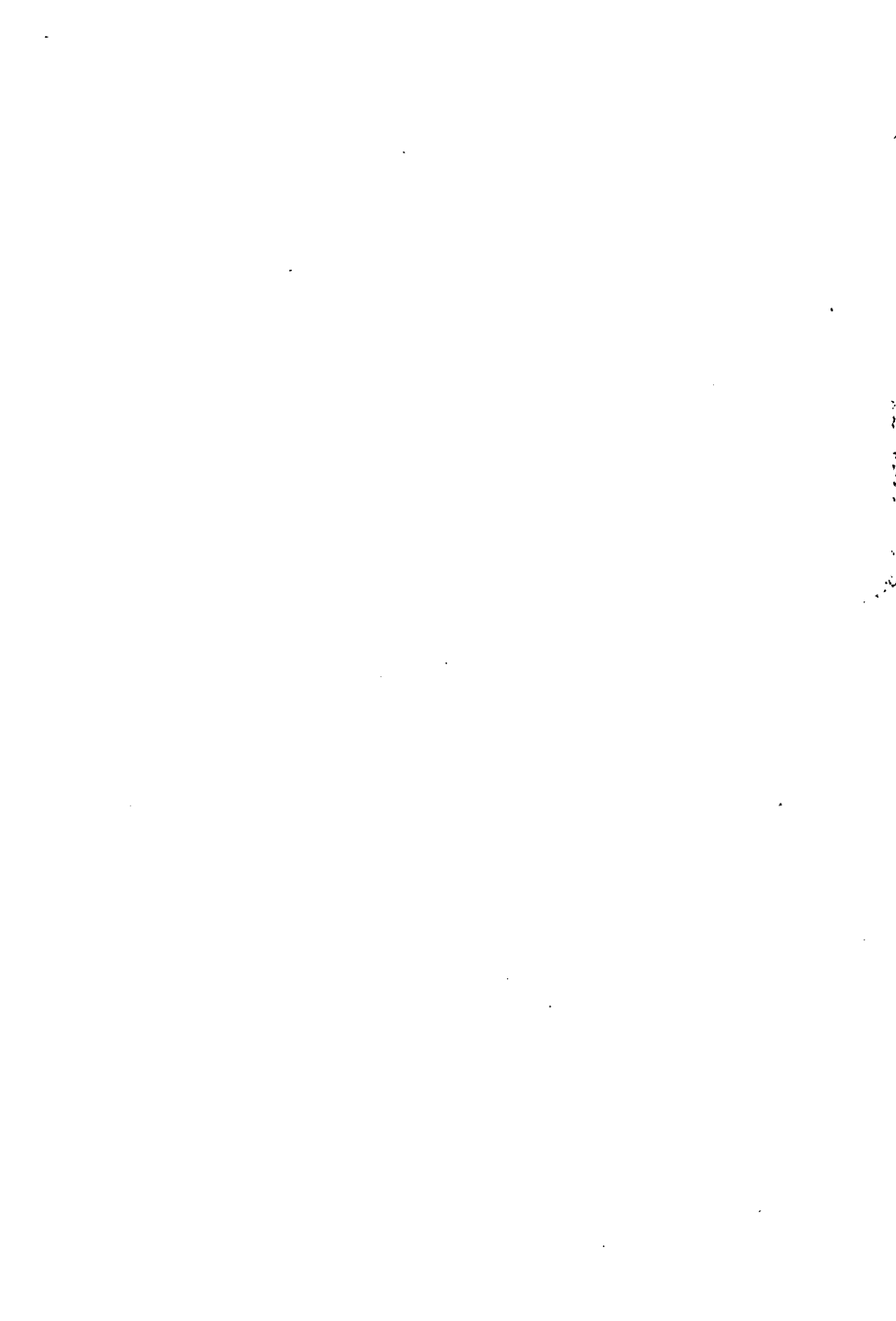
A QUESTION OF HONOR

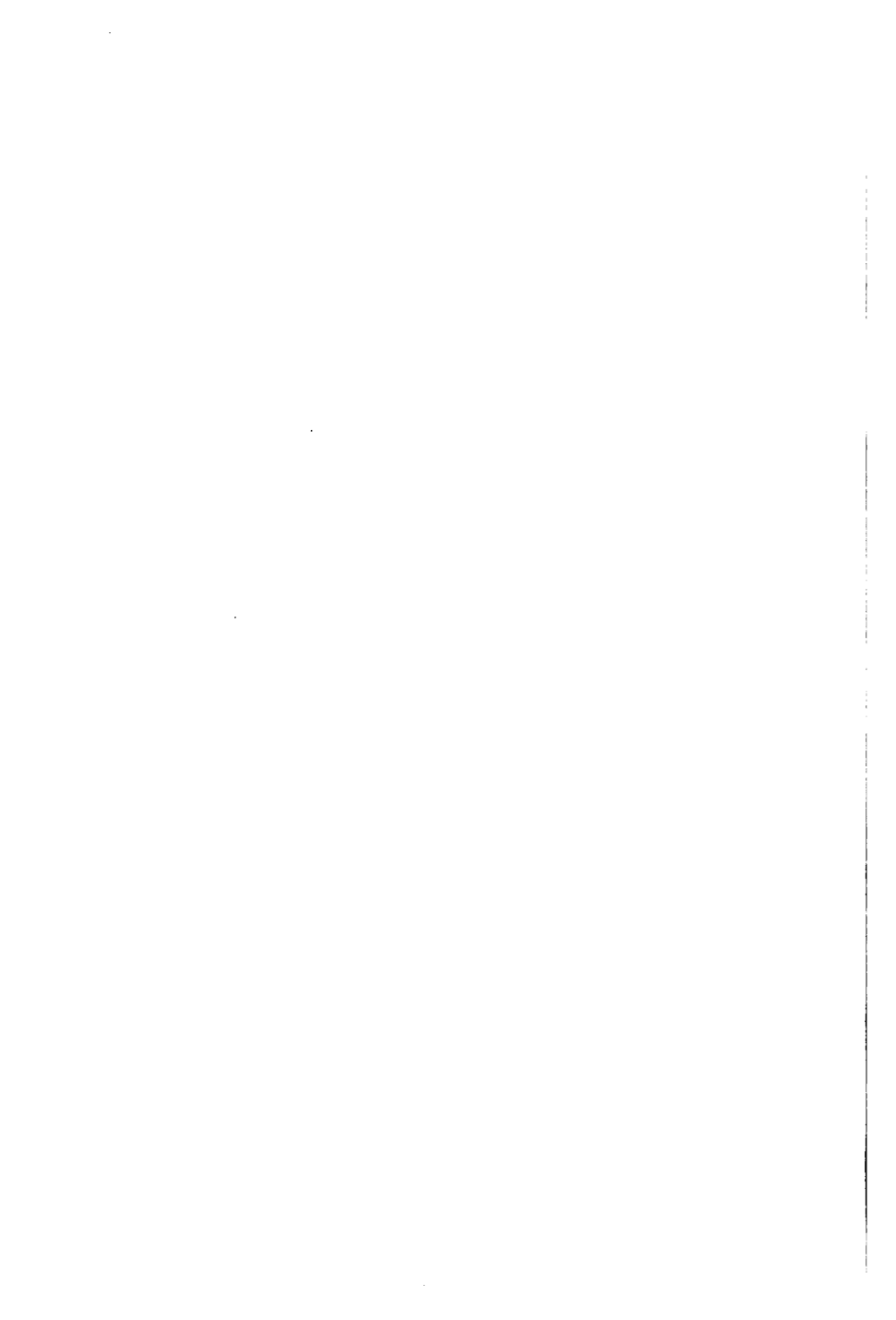
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A Question of Honor

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A Question of Honor

A Tragedy of the Present
Day. In Four Acts

by *Max Nordau*

Translated from
the German by
Mary J. Safford



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Boston and London
1907

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CHRISTIAN MOSER, *Privy Councillor of Commerce, Captain of the Landwehr.*

FRAU EMMA MOSER, *born von Quincke, his wife.*

CARL, *Lieutenant in the Body Guard,*

ERNST, *Student,*

CHRISTINE,

} *their children.*

LEBERECHT VON QUINCKE, *Superintendent, Brother of Frau Moser.*

MARIE, *his daughter.*

DR. LEO KOHN, *Private Tutor of Mathematics.*

AMSCHEL KOHN,

FRAU NANCY KOHN,

} *his parents.*

RECTOR PROFESSOR KIELHOLT.

PROFESSOR ZITTEL.

PROFESSOR HABERMANN.

BINZ, *member of the Franco-Thuringian Corps.*

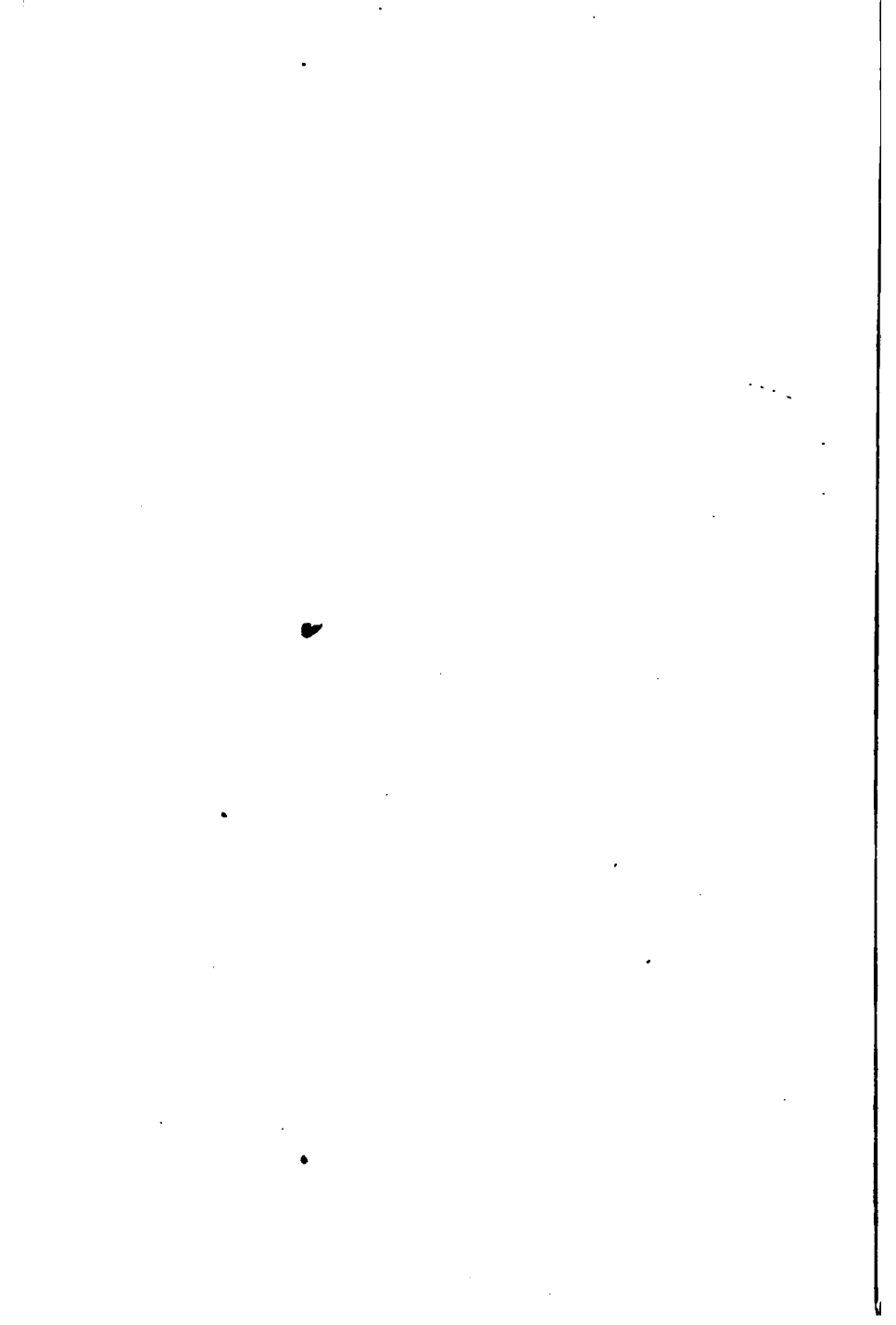
KLEEFELD,

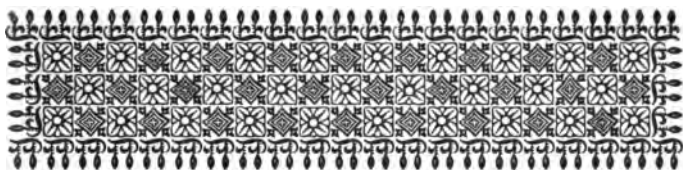
RIEGEL,

} *students.*

WILHELM, *Moser's servant.*

Servants and guests at Kielholt's, a servant at Moser's.





A QUESTION OF HONOR



ACT FIRST

SCENE I

A large dining room, lighted by a chandelier with incandescent burners. Electric brackets at the sides of the mantle-piece and between the windows.

At the right: in the centre an elegant mantel-piece with a gold fringed velvet lambrequin and the marble bust of a woman between two tall silver candelabra; armchair before it, in front, a door with a portière. At the left: two windows with heavy velvet hangings, opening upon a garden glowing in the beauty of spring foliage. Several gilt chairs stand before them; between the windows is a wide table used as a sideboard, set with dishes containing all sorts of viands and liquors, behind which two old servants in plain black livery are waiting.

At the rear of the room on the right and left are large cabinets for silver, in the centre a pair of broad

folding doors, which open into a brilliantly lighted ball-room.

The subdued notes of dance music come from the ball-room, young couples frequently waltz past the open doors.

In the drawing room is a throng composed principally of elderly gentlemen and ladies, grouped around the side-table enjoying the refreshments and dainties, and also seated near the windows and before the mantel-piece on the right, or passing to and fro between the drawing room and the ball-room.

HERB RIEGEL, BINZ. [*Coming forward from the side-table, carrying silver champagne cups.*]

HERB RIEGEL. [*Hair carefully parted and brushed, scars, monocle, fair complexion, and light hair.*] You take things comfortably, I must say. Here's to you! [*Sips the wine with great gusto.*]

BINZ. Here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

RIEGEL. Feudal, I must say. Goose-liver pâtés—fresh lobsters, champagne in streams, and real French, too—Your President has a fine house. Does he often open his paternal arms to you?

BINZ. Once a month, besides on every holiday of the university, city, country, and empire. An old-fashioned hospitable gentleman.

RIEGEL. He is well off, too, judging by the supper, etc.

BINZ. He has more than a million.

RIEGEL. Gracious Heavens! Careful choice of parents?

BINZ. The son of a poor pastor.

RIEGEL. Is the History of Art so profitable?

BINZ. Oh, yes, if people understand how to make it pay. Professor Kielholt so bewitched an immensely rich Jewess with his lectures upon the Christian Art of the Renaissance, that she married him to continue her studies privately.

RIEGEL. Indeed!

BINZ. She was considerate enough to leave him, at the end of a few years, to his widower's mourning and the enjoyment of her property. You can admire her here, carved in marble. [*Points to the bust.*]

RIEGEL. [*Putting the monocle in his eye, and glancing at the bust.*] Well, I declare! So I am actually drinking Jewish champagne here.

BINZ. Does it have any worse flavor on that account? Do you think it is better baptized?

RIEGEL. Oh! oh! Yet after all——

BINZ. Phaw! A true German cannot endure a Jewess, but he is very willing to take her dowry.

RIEGEL. Of course. It is only a little restitution. But a legal marriage is a hard preliminary condition, I must say. If it could be done by a Colonial marriage according to the Cameroon style.—

BINZ. A temporary wife? Yes, that would suit you, my boy! [*Both laugh.*]

SCENE II.

BINZ, VON RIEGEL. [*Kleefeld and Ernst Moser come out of the ball-room and approach them.*]

KLEEFELD. Not dancing, Riegel? Don't our academic young ladies suit you?

RIEGEL. On the contrary. Charming creatures. But it is no use. My visit to your corps is too short. I cannot reap what I should sow in waltzing. So I prefer a chat with the side-board. I serve positive ideals. [*Approaches it, and has his wine-cup filled.*] I pledge you! [*Drinks, and has it refilled.*]

[*To Binz.*] Now I am beginning to understand various things which have greatly puzzled me. All the twelve tribes of Israel, from Zebulon to Napthali, to

say nothing of Levi and Issachar, appear to have gathered here tonight.

BINZ. Come, come, that is rather exaggerated. You must have a keen scent if you can discover the Jewish strain here.

RIEGEL. So I have. I can smell the gang, at once, in every dilution. The fellow with whom you just shook hands certainly has a Jewish face.

BINZ. Don't talk so, Riegel. That was Dr. Kohn.

RIEGEL. There you have it!

BINZ. Private tutor of mathematics, one of the most brilliant minds among the younger men in our university, and a special favorite of the President.

ERNST MOSER. Yes, that is true. Kielholt is very fond of him.

KLEEFELD. That won't help the bold candidate. He will never be Professor. At least not here.

SCENE III.

PRIVY COUNCILLOR OF COMMERCE MOSER, PROFESSOR ZITTEL, AND PROFESSOR HAVERMAN. [*Enter from the ball-room, talking together, and approach the mantel-piece.*]

RIEGEL. [*Looking at Moser.*] And this long-nosed Jew, who comes buzzing up yonder?

BINZ. [*Steps on his foot.*]

RIEGEL. [*In a low tone.*] What . . .

BINZ. You are wrong there, my son. That is Professor Havermann who has the chair of Natural Philosophy, a thorough Arian.

RIEGEL. I do not mean him, I . . .

BINZ. [*Quickly.*] Yes—the other—that is Professor Zittel, our surgeon. Yes. At a distance, he does look somewhat Jewish. But in this case appearances are deceptive. [*Binz pulls his sleeve.*]

RIEGEL. [*Inquiringly.*] Why did you stop me twice?

BINZ. The gentleman of whom you just spoke is the father of Ernst Moser-Quincke.

RIEGEL. [*Surprised.*] Pooh.—*Stares through his monocle at Ernst Moser, who has gone to the side-board with Kleefeld,*] So he has Jewish blood—and I have been hobnobbing with him—I really ought to have suspected it—there is something cringing about the fellow—certain suave, humble gestures, which struck me at once. Yet how could I be on my guard? If even the Franco-Thuringia is no longer free from Jews . . .

BINZ. [*Gravely.*] Riegel, you are our guest. Let me tell you that our Ernst Moser-Quincke is an uncommonly nice, modest fellow, and, in spite of his delicate appearance, a good beer-drinker. Besides, his mother is a von Quincke, descended from the old French nobility, and his uncle is Superintendent.

RIEGEL. So much the worse. For the father . . .

BINZ. Is a captain in the Landwehr, (retired) Knight of the Iron Cross, and Privy Councillor. He gave the largest contribution to the building of our church of St. Dorothy.

[RIEGEL. Money! Always money! That is the way this vermin corrupts our noblest blood. It is bad enough that a Jew can win the Iron Cross. In the next war, that will no longer be permitted. A Franco-Thuringian half-breed! You see, Binz, it is different with us. A German can be at ease without worrying lest he should tread on the flat foot of some Oriental. Aside from everything else, don't you find it uncomfortable to be always on your guard?

BINZ. There is no danger on that score. [Moser Quincke is as good an Anti-Semite as you and I. He out-trumps us, if possible. The only Jew whom we need consider is his father. I say Jew—but he has really nothing more of the Jew about him.

RIEDEL. Except his nose.

BINZ. Even that has already assumed a form of transition. With his name, the Privy Councillor has stripped off the last scent of the soil of Palestine.

RIEDEL. Is not his name Moser?

BINZ. His real one is Moses. He changed the "s" to an "r".]

RIEDEL. I suppose you philologists probably call that Rhodacism.

BINZ. Do you know that too? You are a thoroughly learned fellow. Yes, it is a special case of Rhodacism; a very intellectual one.

RIEDEL. Thoroughly Jewish. A play upon words where the father's name is concerned. Nothing is revered by these vermin. I will not permit myself to utter any criticism of the Franco-Thuringia, but I must say . . .

BINZ. Our corps has no occasion to be more exclusive than the officers' corps of the regiment of Body Guards. And Ernst's older brother serves as an officer in this regiment.

RIEDEL. A reserve-officer?

BINZ. An officer on duty.

RIEDEL. Of course—then—then I have nothing to

say. But, h'm, h'm. [*Kleefeld and Ernst Moser again approach Riegel and Binz.*]

KLEEFELD. Since you don't care to dance, Riegel, we will go to our tavern a little later and hold a session there.

ERNST MOSER. Yes. And you will tell us about your corps and your university. I'm strongly inclined to come to you for a term. A summer term. I don't think your northern winter would be pleasant.

RIEGEL. [*In a cold, haughty tone.*] To us Germans, winter is the season for manly sports in the fresh, cold, open air.

BINZ. [*Stepping between Riegel, and Moser.*] The remembrance of skating will surely make you enthusiastic enough to write poetry. We are, perhaps, rendered somewhat effeminate by our milder climate. [*They go toward the back of the room, talking together, Riegel, meanwhile, ostentiously holding aloof from Moser.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. [*Kielholt enters through door. Havermann approaches him, while Moser remains with Zittel at the mantel-piece.*]

HAVERMANN. Do you know that Kohn has won the great gold medal in the international contest for the mathematical prize?

KIELHOLT. What? Our Kohn? Is the news official?

HAVERMANN. Kohn has just showed Privy Councilor Moser a telegram from the General Secretary of the Stockholm Academy. The mathematical world's prize to Kohn, yes, indeed. God's blessing upon him. This is another instructive contribution to a knowledge of the ways of international Judaism.

KIELHOLT. It won't do to cast suspicion on the Swedish awarders of prizes. The name of Kohn could be no recommendation, because, before opening the wrapper, it was wholly unknown to them.

HAVERMANN. Oh, my dear colleague, do not be so young. Surely you know what is what.

KIELHOLT. Is it not rather more probable to assume that Kohn's work was the best?

HAVERMANN. You don't seriously believe it. You know as well as I, that a Jew has never created anything really unusual and novel. His business is to transform the gold of Arian intellectual labor into dirty copper pennies and, in this debased form, scatter it among the populace. But . . .

KIELHOLT. Now you have mounted your hobby

horse again, my dear Havermann. The Jews have a natural gift for mathematics, you cannot deny that, and they can show creditable work in this department, even if they are less successful in Art and the History of Art. Well, I am very much pleased with the news. The great distinction is an honor to our university. And it will make it easier for me to inform our good Kohn of the decision concerning his application for the professorship.

HAVERMANN. Surely he must have known it six weeks ago?

KIELHOLT. You mean the application for the appointment to be Professor Extraordinary.

HAVERMANN. Yes.

KIELHOLT. No, no. As we based our denial upon the fact that our university, by its deed of foundation and its statutes, is a Christian evangelical institution, and therefore cannot receive into its corps of instructors men of a different faith, he caught at this reason and at once addressed to the Cabinet a memorial, in which he petitioned the ruler of the country to change the statutes of the university because they are not in harmony with the constitution, which guaranteed equal rights to all religions.

HAVERMANN. Because the statutes of the university

do not permit Kohn's appointment, they must be changed on Kohn's account. Incredible! But thoroughly Jewish. What reply did the Cabinet make to this bold demand?

KIELHOLT. Briefly, that they see no reason for granting Kohn's petition. Of course I did not doubt for a moment that this would be the result. I did everything in my power to dissuade him. But he always answers me with his "justice," "justice." He is constantly running his head against a wall. I've urged him again and again not to be so obstinate. He is able to understand the intellectual and moral significance of Christianity, and . . .

HAVERMANN. And ought to be baptized? No, my dear colleague, you should not encourage that. Such changes of religion are a shamefully immoral trifling with the most sacred things. It is a frivolous spiritual masquerade, and an attempt to steal into German circles under the disguise of Christianity.

KIELHOLT. My dear Havermann, I do not think your point of view is a Christian one. By what right shall we exclude a human soul from salvation?

HAVERMANN. No offense, my dear colleague, but these are merely forms of speech. The point in question concerning the new Christians we are discussing is

not salvation. I must stick to it, that your sham Christianity is an abominable masquerade, and really ought to be punished, like the unlawful wearing of a uniform. To be sure, I would not apply this to women. The feminine nature, even the Jewish one, is more accessible to the higher ideals, and, under certain circumstances, I can believe in the sincerity of the conversion of a Jewess. But in the case of academical candidates like this Kohn . . .

KIELHOLT. If you get on this subject you will never stop, you incorrigible zealot. Would you not prefer to drink a glass of champagne and then smoke a good cigar? [*Takes his arm and leads him to the side-board. The group of students, to whom he nods kindly, respectfully move aside a little. Just at this moment the dance-music stops. Couples are seen walking past in the ball-room, groups form, servants offer refreshments.*]

SCENE V.

[*Dr. Kohn and Christine enter from the ball-room. Christine hurries toward Moser, Kohn follows her. Zittel bows, smiling, to Christine, and then goes to Kielholt and Havermann.*]

MOSEER. [*Patting Christine's cheek affectionately.*] Well, has my little Christine danced till she is tired?

CHRISTINE. Oh, no, Papa, not nearly long enough. I am having such a good time.

MOSEK. That is right. I am glad to hear it. But, come, sit down. [*Christine sits in the arm-chair before the mantel-piece and plays with her fan.*]

KOHN. [*Dark, with a small moustache, somewhat curly, black hair, slightly hooked nose, decided Jewish type. Stands behind Christine's chair.*] May I offer you anything, Fräulein?

CHRISTINE. No, thank you. I do not want anything. Only stay here. [*The last words have escaped her lips unconsciously. She hides her embarrassment with a swift flutter of her fan.*]

MOSEK. But, my dear Christine, that was merely probably, the Doctor's way of suggesting that he would like something to eat himself.

KOHN. [*Eagerly interposing.*] Not at all, Herr Moser. If I may be allowed the privilege of remaining with the young lady.

MOSEK. Where did you leave your mother, child?

CHRISTINE. [*As if waking from from a dream.*] Mamma? I—I really do not know . .

KOHN. I think Frau Moser is chaperoning Fräulein von Quincke, who is surrounded by admirers.

CHRISTINE. Marie is bewitching. She is undoubtedly the queen of the ball.

KOHN. Undoubtedly? I am one of those who doubt it.

MOSEK. H'm, H'm, Eh—your capturing the first prize in Stockholm has created a great stir among the professors, Doctor.

KOHN. Probably! The little gold medal will strike them in the neck with more than a hundred pound weight. The rage of one's foes is the most delightful part of success.

CHRISTINE. That is not a noble feeling.

KOHN. I can be noble with the noble. I am thoroughly conscious of it. But the antagonists with whom I have to deal here, really have no claim to noble treatment.

Christine. But we are not noble for the sake of other people, but for ourselves.

KOHN. What do you expect, Fräulein? I have not yet risen to the height of the Christian command: "Love your enemies." [*To Moser.*] This success has also a practical significance to me. It is the answer of the great world to the narrow-mindedness of this little university, which refuses me the position of Professor Extraordinary. Now the gentlemen will probably be

ashamed to repeat their refusal. And, under any circumstances, I can now depend upon obtaining a position abroad.

CHRISTINE. [*Startled.*] Then we shall lose you?

KOHN. The faculty—yes, if they wish to lose me. But I hope that they may not. I hope so. And I wish it. I have the strongest reasons for wishing it. And these reasons have a far larger share in my gratification at the Stockholm success than the ignoble feeling, Fräulein Christine. [*Christine, whose eyes have been fixed upon him while he spoke, lowers her lids at the last words.*]

SCENE VI.

[*Kielholt, Zittel, Havermann at the side-board, von Riegel, Binz, Kleefeld, Ernst Moser in front of them, and Moser, Christine, and Kohn at the mantel-piece on the right. Frau Moser, Carl Moser-Quincke in uniform, and Marie von Quincke enter from the ball-room.*]

FRAU MOSER. [*Without taking any notice of Kohn's bow, as he steps behind Christine's chair.*] What do you think of going home, Papa?

MARIE. [*Startled.*] Oh, dear! Aunt!

FRAU MOSER. You know, my child, that your father does not like to have us keep you out late.

MARIE. Late, my dearest Auntie! Now, when it is most delightful. The ball has certainly just begun.

CHRISTINE. [*Has risen and kisses her mother's hand.*] Oh, no, Mamma, do let us stay longer. Can't we, Papa?

MOSEER. I have no objection.

FRAU MOSER. Of course, my dear Christian. The children can always depend upon you when they want anything unreasonable.

CHRISTINE. Then issue your orders, Papa.

MARIE. Yes, command us to stay, Uncle.

MOSEER. [*With a Jewish gesture, bowing his head and raising both hands with the palms flat and turned outward.*] Good Lord—command! Oh, yes! I'll take myself off, settle it with Mamma. [*To Frau Moser.*] When you have made up your mind, let me know your decision. [*Goes to Kielholt, Zittel, and Havermann.*]

CHRISTINE. If you are tired, dear Mamma, let Carl go home with you.

MARIE. [*Quickly.*] No, not Carl, I'm engaged to him for three more dances. Ernst will go with you, Aunt.

FRAU MOSER. Your beautiful harmony in trying to get rid of me, children, is really touching.

CHRISTINE. Why, Mamma . .

MARIE. Not at all, Aunt.

[Both speak at the same time.]

CHRISTINE. If you go, it won't be half so pleasant. Come, sit down, dear Mamma. We'll all stay till twelve o'clock at least. Say, yes, Mamma? *[Kisses her hand.]*

FRAU MOSER. You coaxing little kitten.

MARIE. *[Motioning towards the window.]* See how beautiful it is in the garden! The moonlight—the fountain—and the little glow-worms in the grass yonder. Shall we go out a little while?

CARL. With the greatest pleasure, dear Marie. You are never more charming than when you rave over the moon and the fire-flies. It is so piquantly old-fashioned. I suppose the romance of our grandmothers' time is the very newest fashionable fad?

MARIE. You haven't a glimmer of poetry, Carl. Are you coming, Christine?

KOHN. Pardon me, Fräulein, but perhaps it might be imprudent. The gravel walks are wet with dew.

MARIE. Do you think so?

KOHN. It would be a walk à la Kneipp, and the

lyric would end in a cold. [*Continues to talk with Christine and Marie.*]

CARL. [*Whispering to Frau Moser.*] The man is positively insufferable to me.

FRAU MOSER. Not so loud, Carl, he might hear you.

CARL. He shall. I should have great pleasure in repeating it to his face.

FRAU MOSER. [*Sternly.*] Carl! I beg you!

CARL. He doesn't leave Christine's side the whole evening. He will compromise her.

FRAU MOSER. There can be no idea of that. Christine is surrounded by her relatives. I, too, think it is a sad want of tact for him actually to take possession of the child, and I will tell her so. But there is no reason to offend the gentleman. [*Carl nervously twists his moustache.*]

KLEEFELD. [*Comes from the group of students.*] Riegel, won't you be introduced to Fräulein Moser-Quincke. We have nothing more beautiful here to show you. I may be permitted to say so, Moser-Quincke?

ERNST MOSER. I have no objection.

RIEGEL. [*Coldly.*] It is too much honor. I can't possibly interest the young lady, as I don't dance, so I can admire her better from a distance.

KLEEFELD. Well, I will try my luck. [*Goes across*

to Christine. *With a low bow.*] Fräulein, may I beg you for the next waltz?

CHRISTINE. I am very sorry. My mother insists upon going home soon, and I have every number engaged until that time.

KLEEFELD. [*Bows silently and returns slowly to the group at the left.*]

CARL. That is the fourth refusal I have counted from you this evening.

CHRISTINE. Haven't you anything more interesting to do than to keep such accounts?

CARL. Who are the lucky men, to whom you are engaged?

KOHN. [*Looking steadily at him.*] I am the fortunate, the very fortunate man.

FRAU MOSER. [*Very quickly and emphatically.*] Dear Carl, will you be kind enough to get me a glass of almond milk?

CARL. [*After casting a hostile glance at Kohn.*] Certainly, Mamma. [*Goes to the side-board.*]

ERNST. [*Touching his arm.*] One moment, Carl, I should like to present a guest of our corps, a Lithuanian-Borussian.

CARL. I'll be at your service. I must take Mamma

a glass of almond milk. Then I will come back at once.

KLEEFELD. [*Who has heard him.*] Allow me to have the pleasure of serving the Privy Councillor's wife, Herr Moser-Quincke. [*Hastens to the side-board, orders one of the servants to fill a glass, and carries it on a silver platter to Frau Moser, to whom he hands it with a low bow.*]

ERNST. [*Who meanwhile has gone with Carl to Riegel and Binz.*] Allow me, Carl, Herr von Riegel, of Lithuania-Borussia—my brother, [*Riegel has struck his heels together, and bows, involuntarily assuming a stiff military carriage, while Carl talks with him.*]

CARL. Is this your first visit here, Herr von Riegel?

RIEGEL. Yes, Herr Moser-Quincke. I wanted to see something of our beloved Franco-Thuringia.

CARL. Indeed! Perhaps you will give me the pleasure of dining at the Casino. Are you an officer of the reserve?

RIEGEL. Not yet, Herr Moser-Quincke. But next year I shall be admitted to a drill, and then I hope to become one.

CARL. When did you serve, Herr von Riegel?

RIEGEL. Two years ago, Herr Moser-Quincke.

CARL. In what regiment?

RIEDEL. The Fourth Cuirassiers.

CARL. A fine regiment.

RIEDEL. Yes, indeed! And I say proudly, that from the beginning of the century, all my immediate ancestors have served in this regiment. I represent the fourth generation, in direct descent, that now wears its uniform.

CARL. Bravo. You will find in me appreciation of your pride; for I can boast of a similar distinction. [*Riegel looks at him in surprise.*] Since the formation of the regiment of Body Guards, that is, for more than two centuries; my family has been uninterruptedly represented in it. A Quincke was its first commander, and my grandfather led it in the last war.

RIEDEL. [*Bowing.*] That is certainly a still prouder record, I must admit.

CARL. [*Offering his hand.*] It gave me pleasure, Herr von Riegel. So if it suits your convenience, I'll expect you tomorrow—no, I'm on duty tomorrow—but day after tomorrow, to dine with us? May I? At two o'clock?

RIEDEL. [*Pressing his hand and clicking his heels.*] Certainly, Herr Moser-Quincke; I won't fail. [*Carl moves toward the right to join the ladies.*] RIEDEL. [*To Ernst.*] Your brother is a thorough gentleman, I must say.

ERNST. And one doesn't perceive how energetic he is, when he chats and smiles so pleasantly. I will leave others to tell you that.

BINZ. You will hear enough of his daring rides and wagers at the Casino. A luxuriant crop of legends are already growing around his venturesome pranks. [*Kleefeld comes back to the group, and talks to Ernst, who goes with him to his mother. Moser and Zittel follow immediately, and all form a circle around Frau Moser and Marie, with whom they talk. Kielholt leaves the room with Havermann, and is seen passing from group to group in the ball-room.*]

RIEDEL. [*Aside to Binz.*] Well, luckily he is far more Quincke than Moses or Moser. But the uniform possesses a wonderfully educative power, I must say.

BINZ. [*Smiling.*] You see that plainly. And if this educational benefit were conferred on numbers of his race . . .

RIEDEL. Oho! His race—I object to that in the name of the Quinckes. Such ancient French nobility has power so invincible that even the strain so much to be regretted cannot destroy it.

BINZ. Yes—what am I to believe in now: the French original power, or the educational uniform? Weak logic, Riegel, no offense to you.

CHRISTINE. [*Rising.*] Let us at least breathe the cool night air, though we must not go into the garden. [*Goes to the window at the left. As she passes Binz and Riegel, both bow and draw back a little.*]

KOHN. [*Following Christine, in a low tone.*] Shall not we attract attention, my worshipped Christine?

CHRISTINE. [*Behind her fan, in the same tone.*] Less than if we whisper apart from my family. [*Looks out of the window a moment.*]

RIEGEL. Fräulein Moser-Quincke is really an aristocratic looking creature, I must say. It is an abominable shame that that Jew fellow is allowed to whisper pretty speeches to her. Wait, I'll prevent them.

BINZ. Come, Riegel, it is not worth while. Let us not waste the precious hours we might spend in drinking. One parting sip of Kielholt's delicious champagne, and then to beer! [*Goes to the side-board with Riegel. They drink each other's health in champagne, then Binz crosses to the group to the right, taps Kleefeld and Ernst lightly on the shoulder, and exchanges a few words with them, after which all four pass out through the ball-room.*]

SCENE VII.

[At the right by the mantel-piece Frau Moser, Zittel, Carl, Marie. At the left, before the window, Christine and Kohn.]

CHRISTINE. *[Sits down, half hidden by the window curtain, and rests her arm on the sill. Kohn sets a chair beside her.]*

KOHN. What unbearable restraint!

CHRISTINE. Do I suffer less from it, my friend?

KOHN. I cannot even clasp and kiss your dear hand!

CHRISTINE. That is why I agreed to Marie's proposal so readily. It is still and dusky in the garden.

KOHN. But, just on account of the darkness and seclusion, our companions would keep a doubly sharp watch upon us.

CHRISTINE. Marie and Carl have the same wishes we cherish.

KOHN. But your mother does not share them. Fräulein von Quincke and your brother are happy. They can see each other where and when they choose.

CHRISTINE. If only we were cousins too!

KOHN. That would not satisfy my ambition, sweetheart.

CHRISTINE. I mean as the first step.

KOHN. Yes, that would be an exquisite favor of fortune. Then I might visit you, be alone with you, address you familiarly in the presence of every one—call you Chrissie—Chrissie—

CHRISTINE. [*Leaning back in her chair and closing eyes.*] Ah!

KOHN. I have not been so fortunate. To be alone with you a moment, I must fly with you into the heart of the greatest crowd. Only in a throng can we hope to remain unnoticed.

CHRISTINE. That is true. At least I do not notice the crowd, when you are with me.

KOHN. Unluckily, the contrary is not so certain. Formerly the gods were more gracious to mortals. They often concealed lovers from unfriendly eyes by clouds.

CHRISTINE. Who is to blame that it no longer happens? You have driven marvels from the world with your science. There are no more miracles.

KOHN. None? Christine, dearest Christine, you yourself are the fairest and most incomprehensible of miracles.

CHRISTINE. Oh, don't look at me so. I believe, if I were watching you from the other side of the room, I should understand every word you said. If only you

could see how plainly your eyes and expression speak!

KOHN. [*Collecting himself and forcing an air of indifference.*] It is certainly unreasonable and humiliating that I am obliged to play the farce of cold, conventional courtesy toward you, while every fibre of my being urges me to you with unconquerable power.

CHRISTINE. Dancing is a delightful invention, is it not?

KOHN. Yes. If Professor Kielholt did not open his balls as an asylum of love, there would be nothing left for me except a nocturnal trespass, with the balcony scene and Romeo's rope ladder, or an elopement.

CHRISTINE. That would be really charming, but even more troublesome than the dancing which is so severe a sacrifice for you, is it not, my friend?

KOHN. The expedient which permits me to clasp you in my arms and press you to my breast a sacrifice! Christine! Besides, the essence of dancing is rhythm, that is, periodicity, so dancing is under the law of numbers, and consequently is part of mathematics.

CHRISTINE. Dancing mathematics? I should never have suspected it. Or was it, on the contrary, some presentiment that made me always so fond of dancing?

KOHN. My sweet little Christine! But I think the

phase of dancing for your possession has already lasted long enough. I should like at last to be able to clasp you to my heart without music.

CHRISTINE. To inner music.

KOHN. Yes, sweetheart. To inner music, to the violins and flutes of the soul. [*He remains silent a moment, absorbed in gazing at her, then suddenly assumes his former expression of indifference.*] Do you understand now why I exulted when I received the news from Stockholm? I can now go to your parents and speak frankly to them. I have the courage to do so, for I have the right.

CHRISTINE. May I say exactly what I think?

KOHN. Christine!

CHRISTINE. I cannot see that anything has changed. You always had the right to speak to my parents, and I have never been able to comprehend why it should require any special courage. Mamma is an angel, and Papa is so kind, oh, you don't know . . .

KOHN. Your parents inspire me with no fear. No one can do that. When I said "I need courage," I did not mean the courage to expose myself to any danger, but the courage to conquer my own pride. Hostility and conflict do not alarm me. I am ready even to shed my blood, my own, or another's. But—I could not

bear being laughed at, Christine, I have shrunk from that alone.

CHRISTINE. Who could ever think of laughing at you?

KOHN. It would surely have happened, if I had sued for your hand before. A Jew, who has nothing and is nothing.

CHRISTINE. You are a private lecturer.

KOHN. That is no position.

CHRISTINE. Your talent! Your future!

KOHN. It would have been wretched boasting to have alluded to them. Your parents are no mathematicians, and do not need to believe in me. I know very well what I am. But others heretofore did not know, and I could not very well tell them myself.

CHRISTINE. But *I* could tell them!

[KOHN. Dearest!—If I had come with the proposal to adorn one of the most admired beauties and richest matches in the city with the name of Kohn—I . . .

CHRISTINE. The name does not trouble me. I almost love it. And I am the person most concerned. It is very sad that the prejudice exists, but I don't expect to find it in my own family . . .

KOHN. H'm.



CHRISTINE. True, such matters have never been discussed among us, but I cannot think there will be any difficulty about it in our family. Papa—well, he certainly has no reason to object; and Mamma—she married a Jew herself; how can she blame me for following her example?

KOHN. My dear Christine, it makes a difference whether a Jewish millionaire, the son of a distinguished banker, marries the penniless daughter of a general, or a penniless Jew, the son of a village grocer, weds the daughter of a millionaire.

CHRISTINE. Leo! Surely you don't believe that Mamma married my father for his money?

KOHN. I don't say that. I only remark that matters have a different appearance. Besides, things were different twenty-six years ago. My proposal would undoubtedly have been received with a scornful laugh, and that, you see . . .

CHRISTINE. Are you not superior to ridicule?

KOHN. I should be, I think, if I were not a Jew and bore the name of Kohn. But this position makes me timid, like a person with a painful wound, who dreads a careless touch.

CHRISTINE. Your sensitiveness is morbid.

KOHN. Yes, it is morbid. I will be the first to ad-

mit it. We *are* morbid. Men have made us so. And the consciousness of it weakens the character, so that we cringe at the idea of scorn like a wretched cur. I did not speak of it to you, so long as it was useless, because I saw no remedy. Now, dearest Christine, the case is different. The first prize won in an international contest in which two continents competed, is an objective fact. It stands immovable. No one can call it a fancy or conceit. Even the Anti-Semite members of the faculty cannot deny it. Now they will be ashamed to refuse me the professorship. And once a professor in a university, I am, according to prevailing opinion, the social equal of any one. Then, with head erect, I can ask for my little Christine. Of course I may still receive a refusal, but I shall not have made myself ridiculous.

CHRISTINE. If that is your feeling, I can say nothing against it. It is precisely the same to me whether you ask for my hand as Professor, or as a private lecturer, if only I am permitted openly to acknowledge our betrothal.

KOHN. Dearest girl! —Oh,—it is a shame that I dare not embrace you. A time of struggle will now begin for us, but we shall conquer.

CHRISTINE. I am entirely at ease on that score. And I believe, too, that you imagine things to be worse than they are.

KOHN. I shall find it difficult to deal with your brothers.

CHRISTINE. Carl and Ernst are good fellows, and they love me.

KOHN. For that very reason they will not forgive me for having won your heart. It will be for love of you, Christine; I can sympathize with the young men, and therefore it will be difficult for me to answer in the same tone when they look at me defiantly.

CHRISTINE. The final decision does not rest with my brothers, and they will accept what they cannot prevent. When Carl and Ernst know you better, they will be kind and faithful brothers-in-law.

KOHN. I shall spare no effort to deserve their friendship. What I dread most is the moment when I present you to my family.

CHRISTINE. What! Will they be unwilling to receive a Christian?

KOHN. [*Smiling.*] They will receive my Christine. No. I fear the impression my parents will make upon you. You will enter a world entirely unknown to you, and which will necessarily perplex, perhaps repel you.

CHRISTINE. How can you suppose so?

SCENE IX.

[*The same. Kielholt enters from the ball-room with an old lady, whom he leads to the side-table.*]

KOHN. My father and mother are both Jews of the old type, who speak the disagreeable Jewish German and will not give up their strange customs. Such external things easily build a dividing wall between people, and we do not perceive, behind the separating partition, the unvarying human nature, which is equally familiar to us all.

CHRISTINE. Is your mother like you?

KOHN. [*Smiling.*] No. I am like my mother.

CHRISTINE. That is what I meant, you tease. Then, she cannot be a stranger to me, no matter how she talks.]

KIELHOLT. [*Coming towards them.*] Are you seeking cooler air, Fräulein?

CHRISTINE. Your garden by moonlight is the most beautiful scene that can be imagined, Herr Kielholt. What is the wonderful fragrance which the wind brings to us from time to time?

KIELHOLT. [*Leaning out to inhale it.*] Oh—yes, that is my olive tree, which is now in full bloom. It has a sweet, intoxicating fragrance.

CHRISTINE. I must tell Mamma of it. [*Rises and hastens to the group at the right, with whose members, during the following dialogue, she slowly returns to the window, where all stand together.*]

KIELHOLT. [*Seizing Kohn, who is following Christine, by the sleeve.*] One moment, Dr. Kohn.

KOHN. Certainly, President Kielholt.

KIELHOLT. [*Taking his arm and walking slowly with him to the centre of the room.*] It seems that you can be congratulated upon a brilliant success?

KOHN. Have you heard it already?

KIELHOLT. Councillor Moser has just told me the pleasant news. Bravo, Dr. Kohn, bravo! [*Shakes hands with him.*]

KOHN. [*Bowing.*] You are too kind, President Kielholt.

KIELHOLT. It is an honor to our university, and recognition of it will not fail. You are sure of the Swedish order, and then our own ruler will not wish to be outdone . . .

KOHN. That is my least anxiety. What I rely upon is that now my petition . . .

KIELHOLT. Yes, I was just going to speak of it. It gives me double pleasure that you have won this

international prize just now. In your triumph, you can afford to smile compassionately at the refusal of your application.

KOHN. Indeed. [*A short pause.*] So the decision has come.

KIELHOLT. It reached me today. I wished to inform you of it before it is communicated to you officially.

KOHN. So it is refused. And on what ground?

KIELHOLT. On no ground whatever. [*Cordially.*] Between ourselves, my dear Doctor Kohn, you could easily imagine; surely you did not really believe that the statutes of the university would be changed on your account.

KOHN. I believed in justice and law. The statutes of the university are not in harmony with the constitution. The Faculty committed the mistake of appealing to the statutes in its first decision. Then I appealed to the constitution. I did not need to let the trump card escape me.

KIELHOLT. Well, many things might be said in reply to that. You speak of the blunder of the Faculty. I might show you that its attitude towards you can be regarded in a different way. When the Faculty says: we cannot appoint you Professor Extraor-

dinary, because our university, according to the design of its founder, has the character of the Christian—Evangelical institution, the refusal has nothing personal in it. The denial of the petition was not made to you, Dr. Leo Kohn, but to all applicants who are not Evangelical Christians. The moment you are no longer a Jew, the constitutional obstacle vanishes, and we then confront only the individual, who is to be judged according to his own merits.

KOHN. Very well, President Kielholt. It is of value to me that the hypocrisy is over. I wished to force the gentlemen to say openly: although your claims are well warranted, we will not appoint you solely because you are a Jew.

KIELHOLT. What have you gained, when this is said openly?

KOHN. What have I gained? I have made them show their true colors, reveal before the eyes of all, the lie of equal rights, officially state that the constitution was a scrap of paper, which need not be heeded.

KIELHOLT. Do not excite yourself unnecessarily, my dear Dr. Kohn. I think you ought not to desire this showing of colors so eagerly. Conservative individuals, who at the present day, at least, still feign to recognize equal rights theoretically, and from principle, de-

serve some degree of gratitude for it; for they are showing consideration to their own injury. They are sacrificing popularity, when they take the trouble to beat about the bush, instead of bluntly declaring: Jews have nothing to ask, and nothing to expect.

KOHN. Yes. That at least is a clearer standpoint, I prefer it to ambiguity.

KIELHOLT. [*Shaking his head.*] Your race is justly praised for shrewdness. But all that you gain by your cleverness, you lose by your obstinacy. With a bit of diplomacy . . .

KOHN. [*Excitedly interrupting him.*] Diplomacy is scarcely in place, where I am demanding my right.

KIELHOLT. Your right! Your right! There is no right to become a Professor. Christians do not possess it any more than Jews. It is a distinction granted or denied to applicants by a small body of men.] In doing so errors and injustices may occur, for we are mortal and subject to the infirmities of the flesh. We bear the responsibility of our mistakes before the judgment of our contemporaries and of posterity. But no one has a right to claim the position.

KOHN. [*Bowing.*] Very well, President Kielholt, I cannot complain that you have not been sufficiently clear.

KIELHOLT. [*Patting him kindly on the shoulder.*] There it is. Now you are certainly convinced that I, too, am one of the evil Anti-Semites. You are embittered, and it renders you unjust. Yet you could easily learn, if you desired to know it, that I have nearly quarreled with all my colleagues here on account of my intercession for you and others of your race. Everything I say to you is inspired solely by my friendship for you. Your second petition was a mistake. If you now allow yourself to be led into an expression of defiance, it will again be a mistake. If you assume the position of a combatant, and draw your sword in the name of equal rights, it will be the greatest mistake of all. I wish I could bring this before every one of your race. You act as if you had something to demand. Yet you have not wrested equal rights from us by armed force. It is not yet a mutual compact. We have voluntarily granted them to you, they are a gift, and the extent of the gift only the giver can measure.

KOHN. That is the tragical misunderstanding between us. We imagine that, in our character of human beings, we have a full claim to all human rights, and you are convinced that you are showing us a favor when you recognize Jews as human beings. Your silent assumption is that the Jew does not possess the

dignity of human nature naturally, but obtains it first when your favor explicitly bestows it upon him. So long as this is the feeling of even the most just and friendly of Christians, the gulf between us certainly can never be bridged.

KIELHOLT. Always geometrical, my dear Dr. Kohn! Always in a straight line and right angle. Art and life are less rigid than mathematics. There are bridges over the alleged abyss. I am a living witness of the fact. And, as your friend, I hope and wish that you may find one. You need only refrain from hardening yourself in defiance. Rejoice now without reserve in your great prize, and snap your fingers at the Professor and his supporters in the Faculty, when you gain a great reputation abroad. [*The music of a quadrille begins in the ball-room. The group at the left moves. Carl offers Marie his arm and leads her toward the ball-room. Frau Moser, Moser, and Christine follow. Zittel goes to Kielholt.*]

KOHN. Excuse me, President Kielholt. I am engaged for this dance.

KIELHOLT. That is right, my dear Dr. Kohn, be young. Enjoy life. That is the last resort of wisdom. [*Takes Zittel's arm and goes slowly with him to the ball-room.*]

SCENE X.

[*Kohn, Christine, Frau Moser, Moser, Servants at the sideboard.*]

KOHN. [*Bowing formally to Christine.*] Fräulein .

CHRISTINE. [*Accepting his offered arm.*] I am ready, Doctor.

KOHN. [*Presses her arm as a signal to linger behind a little, while Moser and Frau Moser pass through the open central door. Quickly.*] My hope is baffled. The President tells me that my application for the Professorship is finally refused.

CHRISTINE. [*Anxiously.*] But you will not give up your intention on that account . . .

KOHN. Can I rely upon you, my Christine?

CHRISTINE. [*Firmly.*] Absolutely.

KOHN. Against persuasion and force?

CHRISTINE. Against Heaven and Hell. .

KOHN. Are you ready to bear estrangement from your family, poverty, and persecution?

CHRISTINE. Everything with you.

KOHN. Then I will enter the path of destiny to-morrow, come what may. The Stockholm prize is a legal title too. And my best legal title is my love.

Christine, you are my betrothed wife now before our consciences, and until I conquer, my life shall have no other purpose than to make you mine. The tradition of my race teaches me to serve seven years for the woman I love, fourteen years if it must be.

CHRISTINE. And I will keep my faith to you as a true German girl, seven years, and seven times seven years, if it must be.

KOHN. Come, dearest, and let us dance like two happy mortals.

CHRISTINE. [*Closing her eyes rapturously.*] Like two happy mortals. [*They turn, arm in arm, toward the door in the rear.*]

SCENE XI.

[*The same. Carl appears at the door of the ball-room, and, directly after, Frau Moser.*]

CARL. [*Sharply.*] Where are you, Christine?

KOHN. [*Raising his head proudly.*] With me, Lieutenant Moser.

CHRISTINE. [*Quickly.*] I am coming.

CARL. [*As before.*] I see you are, and therefore, . .

FRAU MOSER. [*Hastily approaching Carl and seizing his arm.*] Carl, Marie is waiting.

CARL. Yes, yes, Mamma.

[Christine draws Kohn into the ball-room. In passing Carl, Kohn salutes him with a cold bow. Both measure each other with their eyes.]

SECOND ACT



ACT SECOND.

Handsomely and massively furnished study in Moser's house. In the rear: two glass doors, which open on a terrace set with plants in pots, and finished with a marble balustrade. Two flights of several steps lead down at the right and left sides into a spacious and park-like garden. Between the glass doors a large portrait of Frau Moser, in a rich frame, hangs above a gilt pier-table, on which stands a Japanese bronze vase containing flowers. At the right: folding doors in the centre; at the back two draped ebony pedestals with marble busts of women; in front a carved ebony cabinet with glass doors, in which are seen a Landwehr captain's uniform coat with epaulettes, sword, scabbard, sash, and two war medals, all fastened according to regulation; before the cabinet, toward the centre of the room, stands an ebony easel, draped with red velvet, fringed with gold, on which rests a picture representing a little girl six years old, with brown curls, in a pink dress, holding a large doll in her arms.

At the left: a door with a portière; all the rest of the wall is filled by an ebony book-case, on which stand three bronze busts, copies of the antique; before the

book shelves, extending to the centre of the space, is a large office table with books and papers; behind it a low arm chair; on the writing-table, beside other trifles, are writing utensils of glass and silver, silver candlesticks, a bell, etc., bronze models of a baby's hand and foot lie on a colored enamel tray; on both sides of the writing table, at the right and left of the armchair, are two light chairs; in the right and left corners, at the rear, are standing portfolios for large pictures.

SCENE I.

[Moser at his table. Elderly servant in black livery and white tie standing before Moser.]

MOSEK. So my worthy son has applied to you again, Wilhelm?

SERVANT. *[Smiling.]* Why, yes, sir, it is time too.

MOSEK. You are right there. The boy is methodical. He is a pattern in that respect. On the first the old man pays him his monthly allowance. Between the 16th and 17th his mother is wheedled into an increase of pocket money. He asks for two hundred marks, gets a hundred, and is satisfied, only the old man must not know it. About the 21st or 22nd he applies to you for a loan. All with the most perfect regularity. He scarcely varies a day. *[Christine, with a*

straw hat hanging on her back, appears at the glass door at the left, opens it, smiles at her father, who nods, smiling at her in return, and goes down to the garden again.] Well, how much was it?

SERVANT. The usual twenty marks, as it always is.

MOSEER. [*Takes out a twenty mark piece and hands it to him.*] Here, Wilhelm. And now be unyielding till the 25th, do you hear?

SERVANT. Yes, sir. The customary four days, as usual.

MOSEER. Yes, I don't know how the young gentleman manages it—in my time, if a student had three hundred francs a month, he was almost a marvel to his comrades. And yet I am not a niggardly dotard. It is not so very long ago.

SERVANT. But Herr Ernst belongs to the crack corps in our university. That must cost something.

MOSEER. Why, yes, yes. But to spend over four hundred marks a month is rather too much. Doesn't the boy seem ashamed to borrow from you? Doesn't he at least, often speak of payment?

SERVANT. No, sir, he does not. When I dun him—you ordered me to—

MOSEER. Certainly.

SERVANT. Then the young gentleman laughs and

says: never mind, Wilhelm. You are investing your money capittally. You will get it all back again.

MOSEB. Yes, yes.

SCENE II.

[*The same. Christine again opens the glass door at the left and stands there.*]

MOSEB. What is it, my kitten, that you are putting your little head in for the third time?

CHRISTINE. I wanted to see if you were alone, my dear Papa.

MOSEB. Of course I am alone. [*Signs to the servant, who goes through the folding doors at the right.*]

SCENE III.

[*Moser. Christine. Christine walks hesitatingly around the table and comes in front of Moser, who draws her toward him, kisses her forehead, and tenderly smooths her hair.*]

MOSEB. Do you want anything, my darling? Are you going to give me the pleasure of wanting something?

[*Christine shakes her head in denial, looks at him with a confused expression for a moment, then sud-*

denly sinks on the floor before him and hides her head on his knees, laying her face in his hand.]

MOSEB. [*Bending toward her and lifting her chin.*] Come, my little Christine, come, come, what does this mean—you are as red as a poppy, and so embarrassed—have you done anything wrong, my little Christine, have I anything to forgive?

CHRISTINE. May I . . .

MOSEB. May you what?

CHRISTINE. Tell, dear Papa . . .

MOSEB. You may, my pet, you ought, you must. [*Come, pour out your little heart. [Raises her, draws her into his lap, and puts his right arm around her waist.]* Come, what is it?

CHRISTINE. [*Hanging her head, stammering.*] Papa, you will—you will—have a visitor.

MOSEB. [*Listening intently.*] Aha? Who is it to be?

CHRISTINE. [*Hesitates a little, then firmly.*] Doctor Kohn.

MOSEB. [*Unpleasantly surprised.*] What—Dr. Kohn? But not, to . . .

CHRISTINE. [*In a low, firm tone.*] Yes, Papa.

MOSEB. [*Looks at her a long time, then places her*

gently on her feet, comes around the table from the left and paces up and down the length of the room. Pausing opposite to Christine.] H'm . . And apparently with your consent?

CHRISTINE. [*As before.*] Yes, Papa. Otherwise I should not speak of it.

MOSEER. [*Again pacing to and fro.*] H'm—indeed—why—Dr. Kohn—yes—do you understand what you are doing, my darling?

CHRISTINE. I believe I do, Papa.

MOSEER. It is impossible. Are you really in earnest?

CHRISTINE. [*Rushing up to him and embracing him.*] Terribly in earnest, Papa.

MOSEER. [*Kissing her on the forehead, and sitting down with her in the two chairs in front of the writing table, struggling vehemently with his emotion.*] You grieve me, my dear child; you really grieve me; for the first time in your sweet life.

CHRISTINE. Oh, Papa, indeed I would not wish to do that. But why should it grieve you? Dr. Kohn . .

MOSEER. [*Hesitating; constantly speaking more and more to himself.*] Dr. Kohn or another. It is a complicated matter. One cannot see clearly at once. It must be first considered why it should give one a stab

in the heart. [*Christine clasps his hand and kisses it with emotion*] Then perhaps we shall find that the indignation is partially unjustifiable. We don't think, perhaps because we don't wish to think—because we have a secret dread of thinking of it—that our little treasure is growing up—that she is a young lady—that she will marry—up to this hour you were my darling—my heart's core—my nestling—to me you were the dear little girl in the pink dress [*Pointing to the easel.*] with your doll in your arms—I have this picture always before my eyes—I imagined that you were still the same—and now you come suddenly and utter a stranger's name—blushing crimson as you speak—and tear away from me the delusion I had cherished. And now I must believe that you are no longer my dear little girl yonder, and want to go away—the old folks must see themselves left—though it breaks their hearts—[*Christine throws herself on his breast and hides her face against it. Moser, stroking her hair.*] Don't say anything, my darling, your foolish old father is talking foolish nonsense. You are twenty years old. This is the way of the world, and we cannot help it. We ought not even if we could. [*Rises and again paces to and fro several times.*] I see it. I should be angry with any young man who wanted to take my darling from me. But that is selfish. I have no right

to give way to this jealousy. It is what we rear you for. You are the sunlight of our house. Then a stranger comes and takes you away, and the house is dark and gloomy. [*Turns away to hide his deep emotion. Clearing his throat.*] Well, well. It cannot be helped. But—at least it must be for your happiness. For, if not even that . .

CHRISTINE. [*Approaching Moser and caressing him.*] Papa—you don't know how your words make me feel. I would die a thousand times rather than cause you sorrow. But I am certain—it cannot be as you say. I am perfectly sure that I don't love you any the less, since I—it is something entirely different. And if I live a hundred years] .

MOSEB. [*Tenderly.*] May God grant them to you.

CHRISTINE. . . . and if I am any one's wife for a hundred years—you will always remain exactly what you are to me.

MOSEB. Yes, yes—that is all very well to say—you believe it too—but the estrangement is inevitable. Well, enough of this. As I said, it is our duty to conquer selfishness. If only your happiness might be secure, or at least probable.

CHRISTINE. It is, Papa; oh, you cannot, cannot fear on that account.

[MOSER. [*Seats himself again with Christine in the two chairs in front. He has entirely recovered his composure. Earnestly and calmly.*] But I do fear, and believe that you have made a mistake. [*Christine, smiling, shakes her head.*] If you recognized it as an error, my dear child, you would not commit it. Dr. Kohn has insinuated himself . . .

CHRISTINE. [*Wounded.*] Oh, Father . . .

[MOSER. [*Pressing her hand.*] . . he is an elegant dancer . . .

CHRISTINE. [*Eagerly.*] He—he first learned to dance on my account.

MOSER. Indeed? Very clever. I suppose you regard it as a sacrifice? Possibly as a heroic deed?

CHRISTINE. No. I only want to say that he did not win me by his dancing.

MOSER. Very well. Then he did with his clever tongue. His conversation really is very bright and entertaining. And because he was the first who had the boldness to approach you . . .

CHRISTINE. [*Embarrassed; hesitating.*] Don't believe that, Papa. There were others, too—there are others—but it was not the same.

MOSER. Very well. I won't dispute that he could make a stronger impression upon you than others. But

young girls are often mistaken concerning the first impression which they receive from a young man. They have a natural inclination to believe it deeper and more lasting than it is. But it almost always fades away . . .

CHRISTINE. [*In a low, firm tone.*] *Almost* always, Papa. But not *always*. Certainly not in my case.

MOSEER. You cannot vouch for that until after an honest trial, my dear child. You must make the trial. That you owe to your own happiness, and to us, who are responsible for your happiness.

CHRISTINE. I think, Papa, that we are all responsible for our own happiness.

MOSEER. Darling, when you were a little child, we kept you from touching a burning candle and playing with knives. You cried and struggled, we kissed you, but we did not yield, and we were right. Is not that true? Perhaps it was an error to allow you to have Dr. Kohn's society. Of course it did not escape our notice that he never left your side when we went to President Kielholt's parties. I am not duller nor blinder than any other man, and I am a hundred times shrewder and keener-sighted in any matter that concerns the darling of my heart. But I was persuaded that there was no danger. I did not believe him to



be an ordinary fortune-hunter. He is a sensible, serious man, and is reputed to possess great talent. I did not grudge you the conversation which, undoubtedly, was more entertaining than the ordinary ball-room chat of our smart young men. That he would venture to seek your hand never entered my mind. [His very name seemed a guarantee against such boldness.

CHRISTINE. But Papa—after all, a person's name is something external, something additional. We neither see nor feel a name, when we are with any one.

MOSEER. [*Half aside.*] This name will always be seen and felt. No, little Christine, it can't be. You cannot be called Frau Kohn.

CHRISTINE. Why not, Papa?

MOSEER. You do not know what it means.

CHRISTINE. [*Firmly.*] Yes, Papa, I do know. Why shouldn't I: In the early days of our acquaintance I, myself, was rather repelled by the name, it had an unpleasant sound—and Marie teased me, too, especially lately. But I thought of it all. And I found that I ought not to yield to a miserable prejudice. [*A short pause.*] Papa, we both shrink from the word, and keep far away from the real fact. It does not trouble me that Dr. Kohn is a Jew. I—I have considered that I, too, am partly a Jewess. I never thought of it

before. But I know it now. I've known it since—since Dr. Kohn . .

MOSEB. [*Excited, in a somewhat unsteady voice which gradually becomes more vehement.*] Dr. Kohn has put that into your head. It is false. He is very wrong to speak to you so. You have nothing in common with him. You are a Christian German girl. I did not escape from the Ghetto, into the fresh air, to have the dearest treasure I possess in the world dragged back again into the foul odors by a Jewish fortune-hunter.

CHRISTINE. Papa, that is an insult Dr. Kohn does not deserve. To belong to him can never mean breathing foul odors. And neither is he a fortune-hunter, he will convince you of that.]

MOSEB. Admit that he has made a remarkably shrewd choice.

CHRISTINE. I ought not to have any opinion about that, Papa. I believe he would have chosen me just the same, had I been penniless. That I am not is a pleasure to me for his sake. It is such a delightful feeling to be in every respect the happiness of the man one loves, to smooth as well as to adorn his life-path.

MOSEB. I never knew you in this mood, my little Christine. And yet I have not lost sight of you a

single day of your existence. Where did you hide this resolution and quickness of repartee in your soul? [*Christine kisses his hand.*] And, yet, child, I must insist upon it. [It is entirely inconceivable that you can become Frau Kohn. Entirely inconceivable. To be an outcast from our circle—scorned—persecuted—all your life—you surely have not thought of that?

CHRISTINE. I have thought of nothing else for months, Papa. But I don't believe it will be so bad. If it is—why, I will bear it. I care nothing about society and, if I have him, I shall possess ample compensation.

MOSEER. [*Harshly.*] Child, it cannot be.

CHRISTINE. [*Firmly, in a hollow tone.*] Papa, it must be. Or life will have no value to me. I shall not want to live.

MOSEER. Will you hush, you naughty child?

CHRISTINE. I ought not to keep silent, when it is my duty to speak.

MOSEER. You will not want to live—she says it as carelessly as if nothing depended upon it—

CHRISTINE. But Papa, I owe you the whole truth. You must know how I feel. I will never do anything against your will, I will obey you, but my heart will break. [*Bursts into tears.*]

MOSEER. Well, if you talk to me in that way—I cannot help consenting to everything. Against this kind of extortion a father is of course defenseless.]

CHRISTINE. [*Offended.*] Extortion—oh, Papa!

MOSEER. Why—it is only a sort of joke—a jest which I make with a hundred pound weight on my heart. That, too, is a truth which I, in my turn, owe you. [*Pacing to and fro, half aside.*] In this whole matter with Dr. Kohn you have thought only of yourself. How we would feel about it, you probably never thought at all. That you are the very apple of my eye, of course, imposes no obligations upon you. [*Standing before Christine, with increasing emotion, which at last overpowers him.*] You have no idea what you are to me. Ever since you were a helpless little baby, I have loved you dearly, so dearly that I longed to hold every single moment of your precious life, that it might not disappear, but always make me happy. I have commanded time to stand still. I have your likeness taken every three months of your life. [*Lifts the little bronze hand and foot from the table.*] I had your dear tiny hand and foot modelled, when you were a child. It is a constant regret that I did not have your first cry, the first sounds of your little voice preserved in the phonograph, to hear them again constantly. I longed to see you grow up, and yet dreaded that

you would do so only too soon and felt the culpable desire to have you remain as you were. [*Replaces the bronzes.*] When your good for nothing nurse once let you fall, and you lay crying in your crib with a big bump on your forehead, the thought came over me that life would perhaps inflict many griefs upon you, and I asked myself seriously whether I would rather die before I saw you suffer, or whether it would not be more loving and loyal to be the inconsolable witness of your pain, and bear with you every sorrow that could not be averted. So, understand me. I know that you will have dark days before you, if I grant your wish. You believe that it will cause you suffering if I do not.

CHRISTINE. I know it will, Papa.

[MOSEB. Pain in one case, pain in the other. What am I to do! I have not the heart to inflict suffering upon you. To shield you from the anguish which I foresee—oh, surely—is beyond my power. So I will aid you, and suffer with you what I cannot avert.

CHRISTINE. [*Throwing herself into his arms exultingly.*] Oh! darling Papa!

MOSEB. [*Kissing her on the forehead, and pushing her gently away; reproachfully.*] Yes, indeed. You can soon manage me. There is no skill in that. Have you told Mamma?

CHRISTINE. No, Papa. I thought . . .

MOSEER. You see. You ought to have begun with her.

CHRISTINE. Dr. Kohn is coming to you. I was obliged first to prepare you for his visit.

MOSEER. Yes, yes, that is all right. But your mother won't consent—you will see—and the others . .

CHRISTINE. If you approve, the others will have to obey.

MOSEER. Oho. That is only your imagination. I am no tyrant. I am no executioner either. Mamma has just the same rights as I.

CHRISTINE. Mamma certainly will not wish me to be unhappy. And Mamma is superior to prejudices.

MOSEER. Well, well, go to her, win her over—we shall soon see.

SCENE IV.

[The same. Servant. Servant entering the door at the right, bearing a visiting card on a silver salver. The gentleman wishes to see Councillor Moser. Moser glances at the card and lays it on his table.]

CHRISTINE. *[Softly.]* He?

MOSEER. *[Nods...To the servant.]* Show him in.
[Exit servant.]

SCENE V.

[*Moser. Christine.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Starts up and takes a few hasty steps towards the back of the stage; then she suddenly stops and comes slowly to the front again.*] Isn't it better for me to stay, dear Papa?

MOSEER. Yes—I don't know—your presence at any rate must embarrass him.

CHRISTINE. [*Firmly.*] At least he shall see me when he comes in. Then he will surely feel more confident.

SCENE VI.

[*The same. Kohn. Kohn enters the door at the right. Christine rushes towards him as if she were about to throw herself into his arms, but restrains herself and merely stands before him and holds out her hand with tender emotion.*]

KOHN. [*Clasps and kisses it.*] Fräulein . .

CHRISTINE. That is no longer necessary, Leo.

KOHN. [*Surprised and half startled.*] What, Christine . .

CHRISTINE. Papa knows all.

KOHN. [*Clasping Christine's hand and advancing with her to Moser, who stands with his back against the table, anxiously watching the pair.*] Herr Moser, the woman is again braver than the man, and puts his timidity to shame. Fräulein Christine makes the step I desire to take easier for me in one respect, but embarrasses me in another way. It seems to me that it would have been more fitting if you had learned from my lips . . .

MOSEK. That is of no importance, Dr. Kohn.

KOHN. [*Bowing.*] Then Herr Moser, I will venture to ask for the hand of your daughter, whom I love with my whole soul, with my whole heart, [*Christine presses his hand and gazes tenderly at him.*] and who has made me happy by the assurance that she is ready to share joy and sorrow with me all her life. [*While uttering these words he has looked intently into her face.*]

CHRISTINE. [*In a low, firm voice.*] Yes. I am ready to do so.

KOHN. At the same time, I beg your pardon for not appearing, according to custom, in full dress. But in our little city everything is noticed and gossiped about, and I did not wish to blaze abroad at once that . . .

MOSEK. [*Interrupting him somewhat impatiently.*] Excuse me, those are mere unimportant outside matters. We have other anxieties. [*To Christine.*] Go, child. Leave us alone a moment. We must speak freely to each other, and shall do so with less constraint if you are not present.

CHRISTINE. Just as you say, Papa. [*Kisses his hand. Whispering to Kohn in passing.*] Have no fear, love. Papa is kind. [*And opening the glass door that communicates with the garden she passes out closing the door after her.*]

[*Christine sighs wearily as she throws herself on the upper step of the terrace, and mechanically plucks the flowers in the pots. From time to time she turns her head to watch the two in the room. Twice during the scene she rises, crossing the terrace, and returns to her place.*]

SCENE VII.

[*Moser. Kohn. Moser goes to the armchair behind the table and, by a wave of the hand, invites Kohn to take one of the two chairs in front of him. Kohn bows and sits down.*]

MOSEK. [*He speaks at first somewhat hesitatingly, but gradually becomes positive.*] Yes, I won't conceal from you, Dr. Kohn—h'm—you are too intelligent not

to feel, yourself, that you—h'm, that your step must at first surprise me. H'm, h'm. A certain—self-assurance—I beg your pardon, in advance, if I do not weigh my words on jeweler's scales,—the matter concerns the happiness of my only daughter, whom I love better than everything in the world, and for which I must have more consideration than for the regulations of drawing-room etiquette.

KOHN. That is a matter of course, Herr Moser.

MOSEK. Yes. So I think that, with the difference in the social position of our families . . .

KOHN. [*Interrupting him.*] I do not fail to appreciate this difference, Councillor Moser. I wish you to consider me apart from my family, which make no claims, and will never be troublesome to you. Regard me solely as an individual. You spoke of self-assurance.

MOSEK. Forgive me!

KOHN. There is nothing to forgive. I do not deny that I have self-assurance. If there were nothing else in my favor except that I could win Christine's love, I should have every reason to hold my head high.

MOSEK. You are right.

KOHN. But I may add that I am numbered among the foremost men in my calling, not by patrons and friends, but by professional men, nay, foes. The great

gold medal, which was awarded by the Stockholm academy is no illusion, but an objective proof. I am sure of a professorship. If not here, then elsewhere, probably in a more desirable place. If it must be, I will curb my impatience, and not marry Christine until after I have become a Professor. It will not be long. Then, I hope, no objection can be made to my social position. It is true, I cannot offer Christine wealth . .

MOSEK. Christine is rich enough to need nothing from any one.

KOHN. [*Eagerly.*] Pardon me—I declare in advance that I desire no dowry, nay, I positively refuse it.

MOSEK. But, my dear Dr. Kohn, how can you, a practical mathematician . . .

KOHN. I make no claim to that title. Stock gamblers, speculators, and such people may be called practical mathematicians. I boast of being a theoretical mathematician.

MOSEK. No matter. But you do not seriously believe that I will condemn my own flesh and blood to poverty, because you choose to show yourself magnanimous in paying no heed to my daughter's fortune—why, it is arrogance and nothing else.

KOHN. [*Bowing.*] I must permit you to use the word.

MOSEK. But we need not discuss it today. I mean something entirely different, when I allude to your social position. A Councillor certainly has no reason to look down upon a Professor in a university. I should have expected that you would understand me. [*A short pause.*]

KOHN. I earnestly entreat you to be more explicit.

MOSEK. I am sorry that you compel me to dot the i's. You desire to enter a Christian family [*another pause*] you—are probably still—an Israelite?

KOHN. I am a Jew, Councillor Moser, as my name indicates.

MOSEK. I suppose that you are ready to renounce your faith, and taken necessary steps to change your name—I say, your name, but Kohn is no name at all. The object of a name is to distinguish one individual from every other. Kohn is a common, a generic name.

KOHN. Certainly. But it is my father's name, and the one my ancestors have borne for three thousand years. I regret to be compelled to say that I can neither change my name nor abjure my religion.

MOSEK. Well, then—I have nothing more to say.

KOHN. [*Rising.*] Is this your answer, Councillor Moser?

MOSER. So far as I am concerned, yes. But, unfortunately—pardon me—I must consider my child, who is principally affected by your—by your surprising statement. Permit me one frank question: are you a devout Jew?

KOHN. No, Councillor Moser. Unfortunately, no. I have no religion at all.

MOSER. Well—if religion does not bind you to Judaism, I do not understand what prevents your becoming a convert to Christianity.

KOHN. I have as little belief in Christianity as in Judaism, Herr Moser.

MOSER. *Rising excitedly, coming out from behind the table, and pacing up and down the room.* You can settle that matter to suit yourself later. Belief—we perhaps are modern, enlightened men. Is it a question of belief? The point is to be a German with Germans. You have before you a living example in my own person. Do you know how I became a Christian?

KOHN. No, Herr Moser.

MOSER. Then I will tell you. It was at Sedan, the evening after the battle. I had three wounds, all slight ones, which had been bandaged behind the firing line. I had insisted upon remaining with my company. It

was dark. Watchfires were blazing along the hillsides encircling the valley. The last firing had died away. Suddenly, in the stillness of the night, from a hundred thousand throats a hymn poured forth, which echoed strangely over the gloomy battlefield. The whole German army joined like one man in singing "A mighty fortress is our Lord." I alone could not join in it. All day long I had marched and stood shoulder to shoulder with my comrades, shared toil and peril with them, mingled my blood with theirs. Now, in the hour of triumph, when the gratitude and devotion of my fellow-soldiers burst from their overflowing hearts, I was excluded from their solemn song of praise, I was suddenly a stranger among them. And, later, before Paris, I had a similar experience. It was on Christmas Eve. I had a command on the outposts. My men were lighting a Christmas tree, singing meanwhile "Oh, night, so calm, so holy" with tears in their eyes. I stood apart in silence. Then I said to myself: "This is simply a crime to my companions and myself; I am a German, and nothing else. I have my share in conflict and death with my nation, I will also have my share in its feelings, and dead forms shall not stand between me and my fellow-countrymen." When I returned from the campaign, I was baptized; not because I believed in Christianity, but because I wished to be and to live like

all other Germans, distinguished from them at no hour and in no custom.

KOHN. Your motives are noble, I understand them. But you have not gained your object.

MOSEB. I must ask you to explain.

KOHN. I would not wish to wound you. So I will leave your personality out of the question, and only say in general: this desired union with our fellow-countrymen cannot be obtained. We may imagine it is so, but others merely laugh at us when they see what we do. If, nevertheless, we are urged to be baptized, it is not with the intention of receiving us as brothers, but cruelly to gloat over our last weakness, our last self-humiliation. They want to see us, like dogs, jump over a stick at the sound of a whistle. This is the source of my rage. At school, in the regiment, at the university, love for our native German land, pride in our German birth, enthusiasm for Germany's past history, and all the great deeds of the German brain and the German hand, are fostered, then, when we go out into the world, German to our finger tips, German in everything we love and hate, they suddenly thrust us back, crying scornfully: "You are no Germans, and there is no way for you to become so; you are aliens, and aliens you will remain forever." What are we then? Our Jewish souls are taken from us by education and

training, and the German one breathed into us we are not permitted to live by. This is the great crime committed upon us. They make us desert our own natural characters, train us into an alien individuality, and then make us feel that it is a disguise which renders us ridiculous.

MOSEK. Well, what would you want? To have the Jews return to the Ghetto?

KOHN. Disloyalty to ourselves, and the hate and contempt of others make us more enslaved than Ghetto walls.

MOSEK. That is the most extreme expression of hostility to civilization which I have ever heard!

KOHN. The greatest hostility to civilization is to make a gifted people an object of loathing and mockery to themselves, and to discourage them from every attempt at development. Baptized or unbaptized, the Jew is the modern Helot. He must become himself again. That is his only deliverance. If the Arian thrusts back the Semite, and shuts him out of the Arian race of humanity, the Semite must seek to become a virile man as a Jew. And virile manhood requires a consciousness of nationality which the individual acknowledges to himself and others.

MOSEK. Have you no consciousness of nationality? Do you not feel yourself a German?

KOHN. How will that help me, if the great majority of the German nation harshly declare: you do not belong to us. Must I not seem to myself almost like a swindler, when, in foreign lands, my little successes are celebrated as victories, and the praise redounds to Germany alone, while in Germany they say: "We know no German mathematician named Dr. Kohn. The man who calls himself so is a Jew."

MOSEK. That is why I say; join our people.

KOHN. That is useless, since we are repulsed. I will try to join my own people.

MOSEK. Do I understand you correctly? Must the the Jews again become a separate people?

KOHN. Become? We are. People tell us so enough.

MOSEK. A nation without a country, without a language . . .

KOHN. We will try to obtain a country, and we must recall our forgotten tongue.

MOSEK. Tell me, Dr. Kohn, does my Christine know your views?

KOHN. Yes, she knows them.

MOSEK. And does she approve of them?

KOHN. She sympathizes with me.

MOSEK. Oh, surely all this is not serious. You are embittered by certain Anti-Semitic excesses. But Anti-Semitism, I mean in its present extravagance, will be very fleeting.

KOHN. I do not believe that, Councillor Moser.

MOSEK. Of course, if you strengthen it by defiant resistance and irritating lack of consideration, it will not pass away. Your chimera of a separate Jewish nation is a mere figure of speech, and devised solely for polemical purposes. Pardon me, my dear Dr. Kohn, but, in the depths of your being, you are no more a Jew than I.

KOHN. Councillor Moser, in the inmost depths of your being, you are no less a Jew than I.

MOSEK. [*Indignantly.*] How can you say that to me?

KOHN. Your excitement itself shows me—and shows you—the truth of my remark. Let us look each other straight in the eyes. Judaism is indelible. We may regard it as an honor or as a stain, but we cannot rid ourselves of it.

MOSEK. [*Excitedly.*] That is a strange opinion, which I by no means share. Now I will give you mine, Judaism no longer exists. It is dead. What men call

so is an idea artfully maintained. The Jews, as a race, passed away long ago, if indeed there ever was one. All the blood of Western Asia and Europe mingles in the veins of the Hebrew. There can be no farther talk of unity of race. What have I in common with Jewish negroes, who, they say, also exist. What do I care for the miserable Polish and Russian wearers of the caftan? Who will number me among these filthy bands? To the devout Jew, Judaism is a religion. That is something tangible, at least. To the enlightened, it is merely a collection of ancient superstitions and senseless customs. Judaism consists in blowing rams' horns on certain days, in gnawing indigestible bread at certain seasons, and in uttering a repulsive jargon. } During my father's life-time, I perceived that I was a Jew only by the Polish beggars who over-ran our counting-house. [Is a man of modern culture to defend all this? The Jews are a group of the population who make themselves noticeable only by their absurdity. From general philanthropy—I have no other feeling towards the people,—one can only earnestly advise them to come out as individuals from their group and disappear among us Germans. Then the curse will at last be removed from them.

KOHN. Councillor Moser, } without perceiving it, you have made defence; true, you have skillfully put it in

the form of an accusation. I do not intend to contradict you. But allow me to say one word. You are living in a pleasant self-delusion. Every Anti-Semite will tell you that the Jews are a race, and that to say: I will emerge from Judaism, is precisely the same as if a negro should say: from this time I will cease to be a negro. The Jews' origin follows them like an agent of the secret police, even into Christianity, and prevents their vanishing among the Germans.

MOSEK. Possibly. In the first generation. We must be logical. The Jew, who has risen from the Ghetto, must choose a German wife, that his children may have the consciousness of descending also from Christian ancestors. And he must resolve to spend his life in modest obscurity. He must not have the vanity to wish to attract attention. True, this is especially painful to the Jew. Look at me. My father was the leading banker in the country, a very prominent man. I gave up the business and live in my corner as a simple house-owner, try to make myself unobtrusively useful to my fellow-citizens, and have but one desire—to remain unnoticed. I disappear. My descendants will rise again. My sons or grandsons may again be ambitious. No one will remember their paternal grandfather.

KOHN. So you recommend a sort of transmigration of souls. We must die as a Jew, live for a long time

as a lower animal, for penance and purification, in order at last, after a sufficient period of suffering, to be born again as a radiant Arian. No, Councillor Moser, I possess too much individuality, and am too little of a mystic for that. And besides, I am not a millionaire. It is my right to be ambitious. I need not put my candle under a bushel for love of any one. I owe it to myself not to do so. I will strive, with all my power, to advance science at the risk of gaining, at the same time, fame and honor for myself. Of course, I have no objections to marriages between the races. The best proof of that is that I now have the honor of standing before you.

MOSEER. But a mixed marriage, in which you will remain a Jew and a Kohn, does not fulfil its purpose. You do not mix, you maintain the separation.

KOHN. Councillor Moser, I cannot enter either a nation or a family as a person who is merely tolerated, but has no rights. I will not be compelled in my home to tremble at allusions, to feel my heart throb and my face flush, if, at my own table, from thoughtlessness or weariness, I suffer a tone, a movement of the hand or shoulders, to escape me; I will not have people considerately avoid mentioning my father or mother; I will not be forced, when I go into society with my wife, to listen anxiously in corners, and imagine that people are

laughing over my origin whenever a group whispers together. I will not consent to show, by servility, my gratitude that a Christian family has received me as a relative.

MOSEER. [*Gloomily.*] Do you mean to imply that this is the case with me?

KOHN. How can I presume to do anything of the kind? I am speaking merely of myself. My self respect demands that my wife shall not take me into her world, but that I shall lead her into mine.

MOSEER. Certainly. That is, into misery.

KOHN. I love Fräulein Christine far too well to wish to bring unhappiness upon her. I am also perfectly sure that she will not consider it a misfortune to become Frau Kohn.

MOSEER. Possibly an honor, eh?

KOHN. I should not have said that. But since you utter the words Councillor Moser, I answer: You are quite right, as an honor. A Kohn has every reason to be proud. Legend and history echo in the name, which, to its bearer, is a sharp spur to rise above mediocrity. The hatred of our foes condemns us to be conspicuous. Their scorn forbids mediocrity. To give up this spur to higher aspiration would be a crime against myself, and at the same time, a sort of self-mutilation,

cutting off the roots of my being, which extend far back into the centuries.

MOSEB. I find strange contradictions in you. You will not relinquish noisy ambition, because of your strong individuality. And you hold firmly to your name, because you feel yourself a portion of your race. You are proud of your Judaism, yet you choose a Christian wife.

KOHN. I am conscious myself, of a certain mental inconsistency. It is the painful result of the fact that our relation to our fellow men—which, with all other mortals, is the firm foundation of life and character-wavers. But my apparent contradictions are the higher solution on the basis of pure humanity. I love Fräulein Christine, my love is the most absolutely personal thing about me, a thing with which neither my forefathers nor my race have any connection. Here I am an individual, and nothing else, an individual who loves and is battling for the happiness of his life. It is my soul's Garden of Paradise, at whose threshold every thought pauses which is not love for Christine.

MOSEB. Very prettily said, Dr. Kohn, but these are mere words. I really do not yet see the possibility of reaching the decision you wish, so long as you obstinately persist in remaining in your present circumstances. In my early life we encountered such Jewish tenacity

among the old villagers. Young and enlightened men had outgrown it. To meet with such views in a man like you is certainly new to me. So much the worse. If the Jews cling to the idea of a special Jewish nationality, they will only prolong the tragedy of Ahasuerus.

KOHN. It is better to live nobly, and—if necessary—die nobly as a tragical figure than, under the most favorable circumstances, to play the part of a jester before the mocking nations.

MOSEB. Well I have still faith in the sound sense of the Jews. Perhaps this new Jewish fanaticism will hasten the necessary and wholesome process of the dissolution of Judaism, and induce all educated practical Jews speedily to change their religion.

KOHN. Those Jews—[*Hesitates and twists his moustache.*]

MOSEB. What do you mean?

KOHN. I said nothing.

MOSEB. [*Paces silently up and down the room several times.*] I really wonder that you don't require my child to become a Jewess.

KOHN. Herr Moser, I am a Jew from motives of history and character. As a free-thinker, I don't concern myself about questions of faith. I let everybody be saved in his own way.

MOSEK. That is very fine. But—how would you treat your children?

KOHN. I shall strive to develop their souls by love and beauty, and to accustom their minds to distinguish things which are proved, and are capable of proof, from mere assertion. This they must be taught by me. When they are mentally and morally mature, they will themselves decide whether they desire to profess any religion, and which one. My sole care will be that they shall, at least, always remember *one Jew* who deserved respect from them and from the rest of the world.

MOSEK. [*Holding out his hand to him.*] Do not doubt mine. But—I have responsibilities—there are difficult, complicated circumstances—a family who have the right to demand consideration—I should have been glad to find you less resolute. Then I myself might have been your advocate in my household. As matters stand, I beg you, at any rate, to be assured that opposition from my family would in no way be directed against you personally. My poor Christine seems to be getting impatient. [*Goes to the glass door at the left, which Christine is just slowly passing again, and opens it.*]] The time is probably growing long for you, my dear child.

SCENE VIII.

[*The same. Christine.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Rushing in and throwing herself on her father's breast.*] Darling Papa! Do you say yes?

MOSEB. H'm. Dr. Kohn, with iron firmness, refuses to fulfil the indispensable preliminary condition.

KOHN. That is, to make myself contemptible, or at least ridiculous, by being baptized and changing my name.

MOSEB. Permit . . .

CHRISTINE. That is no preliminary condition for *me*, Papa.

MOSEB. You are not alone in the world, my child.

CHRISTINE. I always depend upon you, Papa, you are my protector against every one.

MOSEB. [*Deeply touched, embraces her.*] My poor pet, so far as it is possible. But against impossibilities — [*Rings.*] I'll talk with your mother.

SCENE IX.

[*The same. Servant. Servant, through door at the right.*]

MOSEB. Has Frau Moser come home?

SERVANT. I will see, sir. [*Exit through door at the left.*]

SCENE X.

[*Moser. Christine. Kohn.*]

MOSEER. Of course I anticipate the answer. And you are incapable of breaking your mother's heart by the most direct disobedience.

CHRISTINE. Mamma will be incapable of breaking my heart by unloving severity.

KOHN. [*Deeply agitated, kissing Christine's hand.*]
How do I deserve you, glorious girl!

CHRISTINE. By love.

KOHN. Herr Moser, if you will authorize me to appear before your wife now . . .

MOSEER. It seems wiser for me to talk with her first.

KOHN. [*Bowing.*] Then there is nothing I can do except to go in anxious uncertainty. When will you permit me to return?

CHRISTINE. [*Anxiously.*] Don't leave me alone now.

MOSEER. You can stay; go and walk in the garden with Christine.

CHRISTINE. [*Joyously.*] Oh, Papa!

MOSEER. I will call you at the proper time.

KOHN. I will be ready to defend my happiness with my life.

MOSEER. Why so tragical?

KOHN. Because I feel so literally. [*Exit with Christine through the glass door at the left.*]

SCENE XI.

[*Moser remains alone a moment, approaches the writing table, takes up the little bronze hand, strokes it, replaces it, and hastily wipes his eyes.*]

FRAU MOSEER. [*Through door at left.*] Do you want anything, Christian?

MOSEER. Yes, dear Emma. Sit down. [*Takes his seat in the armchair, his wife in front of the table.*]
Do you know who has just been with me?

FRAU MOSEER. No, my dear Christian.

MOSEER. Dr. Kohn.

FRAU MOSEER. [*Unpleasantly affected.*] Indeed? What does the gentleman want?

MOSEER. [*With downcast eyes.*] He wants—he wants us to give him the hand of Christine.

[*Frau Moser starts up and gazes at her husband in silent astonishment.*]

MOSEER. [*After a short pause.*] Well, my dear Emma, what do you say to it?

FRAU MOSEER. I have nothing to say. I am benumbed. Where does the gentleman get—do you know, Christian, if our position did not exclude the idea, I should think that it was the outcome of some daring wager, such as reckless students often make after prolonged beer-drinking bouts.

MOSEER. [*Reprovingly.*] Not at all, dear Emma. Your suggestion is as insulting to us as to him.

FRAU MOSEER. Well, then the gentleman is simply laboring under some great delusion. That would explain many things. His conduct has always seemed strange. There is a peculiar expression in his eyes. Only it is very unpleasant that his mania assumes this form.

MOSEER. Then the matter seems to you entirely inconceivable?

FRAU MOSEER. Doesn't it appear so to you?

MOSEER. Good Heavens—I would greatly prefer that the proposal had never been made.

FRAU MOSEER. How indifferently and coolly you say that!

MOSEER. You don't quite understand, dear Emma—our poor, precious little Christine is in love with the Doctor.

FRAU MOSER. No!

MOSER. Yes, I tell you. Heels over head. And you will admit that this fact demands some consideration.

[FRAU MOSER. It is incomprehensible. Christine in love with a—*[She hastily stops in the midst of what she was going to say.]* Christian, we are very much to blame. We have permitted this acquaintanceship, which took place before our eyes. We will never again enter President Kielholt's doors. If he chooses his guests so strangely, we must avoid his entertainments. True, I should never have dreamed that a—that this Dr. Kohn would even suppose it possible . .

MOSER. Pardon me—even though we may not desire him for a son-in-law, we can be just to the Doctor. He is young, respectable, talented, fine looking . . .

FRAU MOSER. [*Vehemently interrupting.*] At a very long distance.

MOSER. [*Without noticing it.*] . . and, in himself, probably no less worthy of esteem than a young lieutenant of noble birth, whom, according to human calculation, we might expect.

FRAU MOSER. But Christian, he is a . . .

MOSER. [*Quietly.*] Jew. Why, yes. That is just the difficulty. That is why you look at me so anxiously. And that is why I ask your advice.

FRAU MOSER. I wonder that you need to ask my advice at all. The matter is absolutely out of the question. So entirely impossible that we must keep it a secret from Carl and Ernst. They might feel the gentleman's proposal as an insult.

MOSER. [*More authoritatively than before.*] Then I should have a word to say on the subject. Your father was not a second lieutenant, but a general; yet he did not regard a precisely similar proposal as an insult.

FRAU MOSER. Why, Christian, how can you lower yourself so! You were an officer, Papa had fastened the Iron Cross on your breast with his own hands, only a short time before, you were the son of one of the richest and most distinguished men in the country, you were an evangelical Christian, and—and—I loved you.

MOSER. That is what I waited for. Our child is in the same position in which you were then. What would you have said, if your father had answered me: "Never, never! Begone!"

FRAU MOSER. You ought not to ask me that today. Of course, I cannot now imagine life without you. Yet we regard things differently as an inexperienced young girl, and as the responsible mother of a family. First of all—is Kohn a Christian?

MOSEER. No, not yet.

FRAU MOSEER. Not even that. Christian, this is an utterly senseless, thoroughly unnatural business. Christine must listen to reason. She must, I tell you.

MOSEER. But I do not wish her to suffer and feel unhappy.

FRAU MOSEER. Of course. You have always been ridiculously fond of Christine. She is your idol, because she looks like your mother.

MOSEER. Certainly. But at times I also find a resemblance to you. So she embodies everything which I have loved in life. I cannot inflict sorrow upon her.

FRAU MOSEER. That is pure sentimentality. You have a yielding nature, and never can say no, even when you ought. Do not imagine that I love the child less than you do, though I do not lie at her feet. The greatest sorrow you can inflict upon her is to throw her away, to separate her from her family.—

MOSEER. Would it separate her from you?

FRAU MOSEER. From me! But the boys? And my brother? And all?

MOSEER. Listen, Emma, we need not heed that yet. Christine's happiness is more to me than family considerations. At the worst, we can move away, at a distance from our relatives.

FRAU MOSER. How easy it is for you to move! I cannot so easily tear myself from the soil in which my family has taken root for generations.

MOSEER. [*Silent in perplexity for a short time.*] It will not be expected of you. It was a chance remark. I only mean that, when you have heard Christine, you, too, will find that she must be our first consideration.

FRAU MOSER. I have confidence in her to believe that she will listen to her mother.

MOSEER. You underestimate Christine's character. Even to me it was a surprise that humiliated me. The child possesses a firmness and clearness—I should never have expected to find it in her. The man who causes this development in a girl must be the right one for her husband. There is no mistake about that.

FRAU MOSER. I see with pain that I cannot depend upon you.

MOSEER. Not if you wish to be harsh. The true solution seems to me for us to induce Dr. Kohn to become a Christian and assume a name under which it is possible to enter good society.

FRAU MOSER. Induce him to do so! That is the most matter of course and the first thing . . .

MOSEER. Tell him so, Emma. He will not wish to oppose you. I'll call him. [*Rises.*]

FRAU MOSER. What! Is he still here?

MOSER. He is in the garden with Christine. [*Goes to the glass door, approaches the balustrade of the terrace, and beckons down into the garden.*]

FRAU MOSER. [*Calling to him.*] You allowed that! Christian, I do not recognize you.

SCENE XII.

[*Moser, Frau Moser, Christine, Kohn. Christine, her hand in Kohn's, hurries in, pauses a moment at the glass door, looks at Moser, who shrugs his shoulders, hastily approaches Frau Moser, and throws herself impetuously on her breast, while Kohn remains standing before Frau Moser, and Moser slowly approaches the group.*]

CHRISTINE. Mother, are you kind? Will you consent?

KOHN. Happiness and misery depend upon your words, madam.

FRAU MOSER. Christine, don't behave so, be sensible.

CHRISTINE. Dear Mamma, be kind.

KOHN. I will promise you one thing, Frau Moser. Christine shall always be to me the precious treasure she is to her parents. All that a man can do to make the one

who is dearest to him happy, I will do my whole life long.

CHRISTINE. And I shall be happy with him, mother, indeed I shall.

[FRAU MOSER. But my husband tells me that you—
are an Israelite.

KOHN. Yes, Frau Moser. And I entreat you not to ask me to give up my Judaism.

FRAU MOSER. I cannot conceive of my child's marrying one who is not a Christian. Christine, you will not be disloyal to your Saviour, who redeemed you with His blood.

CHRISTINE. Leo has never expected me to do so. I shall remain what I am. Let him continue to be what he is.

FRAU MOSER. Child, I cannot take that upon my soul. Neither in time nor eternity. I, too, married a Jew—and he was a converted one—my father's authority in his household was very different from my husband's—[*To him.*] you must not be vexed with me—it was owing to his position—yet what conflicts we had to undergo with the family.

MOSER. This is the first time I have heard of it.

FRAU MOSER. I loved you too well to tell you. How, under so many difficult circumstances, I can succeed . .

KOHN. Madam, I will undertake the battle with all the rest. You are the only one with whom I should be reluctant to contend.

FRAU MOSER. But I cannot answer for myself.

KOHN. Frau Moser, I am not ashamed to humble myself to the mother of the woman I love. Do not, I entreat you, allow prejudices to be an obstacle against which our hopes are shattered. You are a Christian—that must forbid you from requiring of me a sham conversion which would be an actual blasphemy, since I do not yet believe what I should profess. As to a change of name—what would it avail? The very children in the streets would shout my old name after me and then it would become a dreaded insult, while now I bear it with honor. Besides, I should inflict great suffering upon my relatives. I, too, have parents. I, too, have a mother who loves me as tenderly as you love Christine. Your maternal heart must understand my mother's feelings. If I were capable of causing her pain, I should be unworthy to touch this angel's hand.

FRAU MOSER. But you can pain *me*.

CHRISTINE. [*Embracing her.*] Oh, mother, no one wishes to do that.

KOHN. Pardon me, Frau Moser; no one will ask

Christine to renounce anything, her religion, her parents, her race. But it is demanded of me.

FRAU MOSEB. I willingly believe that you would not desire to wound your parents. But you should have considered that at the proper time. It ought to have withheld you from seeking my child. But since this has now been done, you must choose. If you love Christine as I wish my Christine to be loved, you will sacrifice everything else in the world for her sake.

KOHN. Everything that is necessary, most joyfully. But Christine does not ask me to wound my parents fatally and to relinquish my self-respect. Nothing is more to me than my love for Christine; you may be sure of that. Were it wholly unreconcilable with a duty which a man of honor ought on no account to violate, I would not, even then, resign my love for Christine, but choose the one final escape from a hopeless conflict of the soul. But here no such conflict exists. Christine does not wish me to violate my duty.

CHRISTINE. I will bring no sorrow into the life of the man I love.]

FRAU MOSEB. You are satisfied with bringing the sorrow into your own family.

CHRISTINE. Mother, you are cruel. [*She bursts into tears.*]

MOSEER. [*Drawing her into his arms.*] Don't cry, my darling. Don't cry, my pet. No one shall cause you trouble. [*To Frau Moser.*] We won't torment the child any longer now. [*Frau Moser half turns away and remains absorbed in gloomy thought.*] My dear Dr. Kohn [*Gives him his hand, which Kohn takes and holds.*] we all understand the situation of affairs now. Think over the matter. We will do so too. A decision on which depends the life-happiness of my only daughter cannot be made hastily.

KOHN. [*Bowing.*] Since it must be so, I will remain in anxiety still longer, while awaiting your decision.

CHRISTINE. I shall be firm, dear Leo. You can rely on me.

KOHN. And I will always deserve your fidelity, my precious one.

THIRD ACT.

ACT THIRD.

Very elegant drawing-room in Moser's house. In the rear are three windows overlooking the garden. Between these windows are two oil paintings, one representing a General in full uniform of the present day with the order Pour le Mérite and the Iron Cross, the other a staff officer with powdered hair and cue in the costume of the troops of a Confederation of the Rhine. Door at the right front. Two doors at the left. Between them a mantle-piece, with a sofa and armchairs before it. In the centre a palm surrounded by a circular divan.

SCENE I.

[*Frau Moser, Leberecht von Quincke. Frau Moser seated on the sofa at the left.*]

QUINCKE. [*Dressed in a long black coat of severe cut and wearing a white neck-tie, sits in the armchair beside the sofa.*] Dear Emma, I simply cannot understand why you, in the first place, permitted delay, time for consideration, and such things. You ought to have stopped the insolent intruder at once and pointed to the door.

FRAU MOSEER. But Leberecht, you overlook the fact - that my husband half consents, and that the child is completely captivated by the Doctor.

QUINCKE. We need not heed that. You are the mother of the family. You represent Christian training and honor. You have to guard the maintenance of faith, morality, and purity in your home. You have been lacking in the necessary resolution. Christine simply has to obey. And your husband will not rebel against you, against us all. It would be the first time. Hitherto he has always had a proper appreciation of his position in the family. He knows what he owes us, and what duties our relationship imposes upon him.

FRAU MOSEER. I have never found it necessary to remind him of it. For twenty-six years I have lived with him in peace and harmony, how can I now suddenly adopt toward Christian a tone . . .

QUINCKE. I most deeply lament with you its necessity. But there are times when we must rise and struggle as a champion of God, as Peter, Prince of the Apostles, bared his sword in such a moment. Consider that many eyes are fixed upon us, that we are an example to thousands of good, simple souls. Woe to him through whom offence cometh.

FRAU MOSEER. I, too, feel that it is impossible to

marry my daughter to a Jew. Of course, under any circumstances I shall insist upon his being baptized . .

QUINCKE. [*Vehemently interrupting her.*] What will that avail? A Jew is a Jew. The sacred rite of baptism, even when received with devout faith, will probably save the soul, but will not wash clean the base, impure blood.

FRAU MOSEB. [*Timidly.*] Leberecht, I married a Jew myself.

QUINCKE. [*Starting up and pacing angrily to and fro.*] Well, now you see the result. Now you are atoning for it. My poor dear Emma, I always feared that we should yet feel the curse which burdens this people. I have prayed fervently, unceasingly, that all misfortune may be averted from us. I know not whether my Lord and Saviour has heard me. It ill beseems me to judge our dead father. He was a soldier, and saw scarcely anything which lay outside of his military service. In the simplicity of his loyal heart he did his duty, so far as it was plainly visible to him, and let Providence take care of the rest. As a Christian I cannot censure such devotion to God, but men are not denied the exercise of some foresight, some guidance of their own destinies. Our father never considered what influence the admittance of a Jew to our family might have. I have always dreaded the

cropping out of the original stock, which often does not occur until later generations. The Lord be praised: Carl and Ernst resemble you. They are true Quinckes. But Christine has constantly caused me anxiety.

FRAU MOSER. We have allowed no lack of love or of instruction. You directed her religious education yourself.

QUINCKE. Yes. But there secret, mysterious obstacles were encountered which were rather suspected by very slight indications than seen, and against which love and zeal both were baffled. You perceive it: A Kohn approaches, and she instantly feels that she belongs to him. Can you imagine Carl or Ernst stooping to fall in love with a Jewess?

FRAU MOSER. Carl, thank Heaven, has already made a fortunate choice, and I expect nothing unseemly from Ernst.

QUINCKE. There must be something in Christine that attracts and encourages a Jew. I am perfectly sure that, in spite of the brazen effrontery of this race, this Oriental would never have dared to approach a Christian girl of pure descent.

FRAU MOSER. Pray spare me any remarks about my children's ancestry, my dear brother.

QUINCKE. It will do no good to shut our eyes to

the truth. We now have this sore spot in our family, which lures the loathsome carrion flies. Here is the great danger that corruption will enter and spread. We must watch day and night, that decomposition may not set in.

FRAU MOSER. [*Deeply troubled.*] What is to be done, Leberecht, what is to be done?

QUINCKE. Be firm. I will support you. Christian will do what you, what we desire.

FRAU MOSER. But Christine?

QUINCKE. Has the Evil One, have the sins of her fathers so much power over her that she will rebel against her parents?

FRAU MOSER. I fear so. And when she is of age, we shall have no means to control her.

QUINCKE. [*Gloomily.*] If she is guilty of such wickedness, then she herself will sever with blasphemous hand the sacred ties of blood. Let her go her way. We shall no longer know her.

FRAU MOSER. Cast off my child! Never, never!

QUINCKE. [Be calm, Emma. It will not come to that. The threat will suffice. If the Jew is once fully convinced that we will abandon and disinherit Christine, he will desist at once. He wants a rich girl. If

he must marry a poor one, he will prefer to seek a bride among his own people.

SCENE II.

[*The same. Carl, Ernst, Marie enter through the door at the left.*]

CARL. [*Gloomily.*] You see, Mamma, you did not want me to offend the gentleman yesterday at President Kielholt's.

FRAU MOSEB. I cannot permit any deeds of violence.

CARL. Is it not a deed of violence to break in upon us?

MARIE. And threaten our happiness?

QUINCKE. I, too, think that violence should be avoided as far as possible, simply because there would be no heroism in it, as I regard these people. But this by no means prevents your representing to your father, with proper respect, your own view of such a brother-in-law, and that you shall leave the intruder in no doubt concerning your opinion of his step.

ERNST. It would cap the climax to have Leo Kohn for a brother-in-law. Look here—I have not showed you the abominable scrap of paper, though I carried it in my pocket for a week. [*Draws a letter from his pocket and hands it to his mother.*]

FRAU MOSER. [*Reads.*] "To Herr Ernst Itzig Moses, called Moser, alias Moser-Quincke, member of the Franco-Thuringia," here [*Throws the paper on the floor with a gesture of loathing.*]

ERNST. [*Picking it up and putting it back in his pocket.*] We are exposed to such humiliations as these.

CARL. Anonymous, of course?

ERNST. Of course. We can't bring the cowardly scamp before the muzzle of a pistol.

CARL. It is probably some scoundrel who envies you the colors of your corps.

QUINCKE. I should sooner believe that it is a Jew who would like to include you in his own humiliation. What was in the letter?

ERNST. Nothing. Mere foolish gibberish, which I do not understand. Besides, it is a matter of no consequence, for I am the only person who saw the letter. But the whole corps read the address.

QUINCKE. This knavish underhand trick looks unmistakably Jewish.

ERNST. Yet Moser is Papa's legal name, and I was born a Moser. How dares . . .

QUINCKE. Don't let that trouble you, dear Ernst. You are both fitted to do honor to the name of Moser,

and I hope to see you legally Moser von Quincke. But my path must not be blocked.

SCENE III.

[The same. Christine opens the back door at the left and is gently closing it again as she sees those who are present.]

QUINCKE. *[Who has noticed her, quickly approaches her, seizes her hand, and draws her into the middle of the room. In a tone of affected tenderness.]* Have we gone so far, my dear child, that you fear the sight of your relatives?

CHRISTINE. *[Gently releasing herself, approaching her mother and kissing her.]* I need fear the sight of no one, Uncle, only I would rather not hear things that wound me.

QUINCKE. *[Approaching her, at first unctuously, then with increasing vehemence.]* Whose fault is it that we are compelled to say things which do not please you? Is it not from love, and in love, that we warn you? You are ensnared and blinded, poor child . . .

CHRISTINE. *[Interrupting, in a low, but firm tone.]* Do not pity me, Uncle, I cannot admit that there is any cause for it.

ERNST. *[Hotly.]* What you are doing is simply . .

QUINCKE. Be calm, Ernst. Your anger will only make the poor child shrink into herself. Let Christine take courage, let her feel where she is tenderly cared for, and where she will find her true shelter.

CHRISTINE. [*Makes a movement towards the door.*] You all certainly mean well by me, and I am even grateful for your interest, but if I may be allowed, I would rather not continue this conversation.

QUINCKE. [*Stepping in front of her and taking her hand.* Don't go away, my child. Sit down and listen to me. [*He leads her to an armchair, into which he gently presses her and takes a seat by her side.*] I have come to talk to you seriously and kindly. I know from your dear mother, from your brothers, into what paths you have entered.

CHRISTINE. [*Beseechingly.*] Please, Uncle, do not . .

QUINCKE. [*Very unctuously.*] My poor sick child, do not struggle against the medicine; even though it may taste bitter, it will do you good. Think for the present that I am not only your uncle, not only your oldest friend in this world, but that you have received from my hand all the sacraments by which, as a child of God, you live in the Lord. I christened you, I confirmed you, I have given you the bread and the wine of life at the Lord's table. When you were held before me at

the baptismal font, a poor crying infant, and I sprinkled the water of life upon your little head, I gave you from soul to soul a specially rich measure of fervor and devotion to God; for it was necessary to wash from your young life the old mire of guilt and to drown the spark of sin. [Must I experience the grief of having scattered only dead seeds in your soul? Has nothing sprung from them?

CHRISTINE. [*With downcast eyes.*] Perhaps I do not understand the language of symbols. But I think I have always been mindful of Christian doctrines.

QUINCKE. [*Still with unction, but with rising vehemence.*] You have learned who nailed our Lord Jesus to the cross. A Christian girl ought to have nothing in common with the murderers of God, on whom rests the eternal curse.

CHRISTINE. [*Smiling faintly.*] He to whom you allude is incapable of harming a fly, far less of crucifying God.

QUINCKE. There is something very un-German in the frivolity of that reply. You see yourself what harm you are doing your soul by unclean contact. I say to you as your pastor, your spiritual father: you must marry no Jew. Your temporal and eternal salvation is at stake. You are sinning against your parents, and you are sinning against your Saviour.

CHRISTINE. [*Raising her head proudly, in a resolute tone.*] Pardon me, Uncle, but I cannot believe it. My parents do not tell me so . . .

QUINCKE. [*Imperiously.*] Emma! Answer!

[CHRISTINE. [*Rushing to Frau Moser and kissing her hand.*] I am committing no sin against my parents, and my Lord who lives in my heart as you yourself implanted Him, I know him as a God of love, whose tenderness embraces all mankind, all without exception. My Saviour hates no one, least of all the Jews . . .

MARIE. His personal foes!

CHRISTINE. "Love your enemies" is His own saying. And it can be no accident that He walked on earth as a Jew. It must have been intentional that He chose this people above all others, to complete His earthly pilgrimage as one of them. I have never been a better Christian than in my affection for a Jew.

QUINCKE. [*Vehemently.*] Enough. Not another word. You are blaspheming. [*To the others.*] There is the effect of a corrupting influence. What has come over you, Christine? This is not my modest god-child, who reveres what is worthy of reverence. From you speaks the diabolical spirit of mockery of all things sacred, of rebellion, of poisonous corruption. Here is a horrible example of the injury a Jew works upon even

the best Christian souls. A German family into which he makes his way is exposed to corruption. He stifles morality, reverence, and every ideal . . .

CHRISTINE. [*Firmly.*] I have not seen it in my parents' house.

QUINCKE. [*To Frau Moser.*] You see, the spectre is constantly rising before us.

MARIE. [*Approaching Christine and embracing her.*] Christine, where is your pride? How can you descend so far below your position in life? Ernst has heard that this gentleman's father is called Amschel—*Amschel!*

ERNST. And speaks the Jew jargon and is a village grocer, and his mother Nancy wears a wig . . .

MARIE. You are so pretty, and young, and rich. Handsome, aristocratic men will be at your feet, if you only choose.

CHRISTINE. [*Releasing herself.*] Let me go, Marie.

MARIE. [*Clinging to her.*] Do it for my sake, darling Christine.

CHRISTINE. [*Surprised.*] What has it to do with you?

QUINCKE. [*Gloomily.*] I am a servant of the Word. To fulfil the office which the Lord has intrusted to me,

I need the confidence of the devout. This precious jewel I shall necessarily lose, if I perplex and alarm my flock by constant Jewish marriages in my family. Even now malice has begun to assail my kindred. It will do so again if Carl marries my Marie. But if my daughter also becomes the sister-in-law of a Kohn, I could not answer for it to my conscience to move longer before our Christian people as their shepherd. If you remain obstinate, you will destroy for life the happiness of your brother and your cousin.

CARL. If you have one spark of sisterly affection and family feeling, you will not desire to do that.

CHRISTINE. [*Very sorrowfully.*] Oh, Carl, doubt your love as a brother rather than mine as your sister. You wish me to sacrifice my happiness to yours. I would be ready to do so, were it *only* mine that is at stake. But I have pledged my word, and my [*resolutely.*—my betrothed bridegroom [*Movement of Ernst, Carl, and Quincke.*] relies upon me. He will not part from me, and I must not part from him. I have no right to destroy his happiness.

MARIE. [*Turning away from her.*] I should never have thought you so selfish. This obstinacy is a very un-German trait in your character.

QUINCKE. Iphigenia did not hesitate to sacrifice even

her life, and not even for her family, but a more distant kindred, her people. Such is the feeling, such is the action of an Arian girl, even in the darkness of Paganism.

CHRISTINE. Call me quietly a Jewish girl. That is shorter. I shall not rebel against it.

ERNST. Has it come so far? Italian nobles, in the days of the Renaissance, killed their sisters with their own hands if they sullied the honor of their name.

CHRISTINE. Then kill me. It is the simplest way of all. Then this torture will be over.] [*Hastening to her mother.*] Oh, Mother!

FRAU MOSER. Come, my child; your brother is talking foolish nonsense. You must not bear him ill will for it. You are all going too far. But you yourself brought discord into the family, and must understand . . .

SCENE IV.

[*The same. Moser, through the door at the right.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Rushing to him and throwing herself into his arms.*] Papa, what sin have I committed that they all talk to me as they never did before in my life?

MOSEK. [*Clasps her in his arms, and kisses her tenderly on the head.*] Be calm, my little Christine, be calm. [*Approaches Quincke and holds out his hand.*] You have been talking to the child about—about the matter?

QUINCKE. [*Barely touching his hand, in a tone of stern rebuke.*] Which I did not learn from you, Brother-in-law.

MOSEK. I should not have failed to inform you.

QUINCKE. When perhaps it might have been too late. I must talk with you, Christian.

CHRISTINE. [*Anxiously.*] Father!

MOSEK. Be comforted, my darling. [*To Quincke.*] Will you come into my office?

QUINCKE. No, let us stay here, [*Pointing to the two portraits.*] in the presence of my father and grandfather, whom you probably intentionally placed in this room as a consecration and a warning. [*To the others.*] Go. [*Frau Moser, Carl, Ernst, Marie exeunt through the first door at the left.*]

MOSEK. [*To Christine, who still clings to him.*] Go, dear child. [*Exit Christine through the door at the right.*]

SCENE V.

[*Moser. Quincke.*]

QUINCKE. [*Solemnly.*] My sister, in the anguish of her heart, has uttered a cry for help, to which, as her brother and a Christian shepherd of souls, I must listen.

MOSEER. [*With forced geniality.*] Dear me, how solemn! Drop the bishop and be comfortable, my dear brother-in-law.

QUINCKE. [*Harsh and repellent.*] There is a time for everything, and jesting is out of place where serious matters must be considered. Try to raise your mind to the appreciation of the moral significance of this conversation. It has grieved me deeply that matters could go so far. I should have expected that you would have rebuffed the inconceivably presumptuous proposal with a fitting answer.

MOSEER. Before refusing any one, we must hear what he desires.

QUINCKE. The first hint was sufficient. But to my inexpressible bewilderment, Emma tells me that you seem irresolute, that you incline to consent, that you have even made her waver. I will not believe it.

MOSEER. It is, if you choose, a regrettable fact . .

QUINCKE. If I choose!

MOSEK. . . .that my Christine loves the young man.

QUINCKE. [*Vehemently.*] The duty of a Christian father of a family ought not to be sacrificed to a girl's foolish whim.

MOSEK. [*Irritably.*] My dear Leberecht, hitherto I have actually held the opinion that I have always fulfilled my duty to my family.

QUINCKE. I can fully believe it. The idea of duty can be more or less developed. One man grasps, by birth and character, the full compass of his duties, another does not see them himself, but must have them pointed out to him. [I wish I could succeed in awakening your sense of what you owe to your position and to us all.

MOSEK. Allow me . . .

QUINCKE. You have been received into a German family as a brother. We have always regarded and treated you as one of ourselves. We have succeeded in having your sons recognized as Quinckes sufficiently to open to them the regiment of the Guards and the principal corps in the university. As the hearts of your Carl and my Marie have found each other, I was ready to bless their union. You will jeopardize all this, if you slide back again into Judaism, I hope only through weakness, not from inclination and affection.

MOSEER. You are painting in singularly vivid colors. I don't see how I jeopardize anything, if . . .

QUINCKE. [*Vehemently interrupting.*] Then you will fully shut your eyes. In the first place, I tell you that Carl cannot become my son-in-law, if Christine marries a Jew. Nor will it make Ernst's choice among the daughters of the country easier, when his time comes. And Carl's position in the regiment! His comrades undoubtedly have enough Christian delicacy not to utter in his presence a single word that could wound him, but they would be obliged to keep a perpetual guard upon their tongues, and such constraint in an officer's corps soon becomes obnoxious.

MOSEER. You always speak in the belief that Dr. Kohn will remain a Jew. I do not desire that myself. He must be baptized . . .

QUINCKE. What difference will that make?

MOSEER. I think baptism makes a Jew a Christian.

QUINCKE. Certainly. But it never makes an Oriental a German.

MOSEER. Only the most fanatical Anti-Semites are so intolerant, and they are fortunately a vanishing minority. The sensible majority . . .

QUINCKE. I might consider that remark offensive. I hope you did not intend it so. But let me correct

your error. Thank Heaven, not a minority, but all the thinking portion of our nation, having duly considered the matter, are united in defense against the foreigner, the eternal foreigner.

MOSEK. [*With dawning excitement.*] You cannot call Kohn a foreigner. He is as good a German as any one. German Jews are Jewish Germans, and I have only one desire, that they might become Christian Germans. Nothing can facilitate this so much as numerous intermarriages.

QUINCKE. [*Furiously.*] Mixed marriages are an evil and a crime. We want none! Whenever a Jewish person forces an entrance to a Christian hearth, gross materialism and moral obtuseness follow.

MOSEK. [*Excited.*] Now I have reason to consider your words offensive.

QUINCKE. My speaking to you in this way ought to prove that I do not regard you in the least as a Jew. You have emerged from the old Adam. Or am I mistaken? Do you still feel as a Jew?

MOSEK. I have never felt as a Jew. But you might succeed in waking the emotion within me.

QUINCKE. You see yourself how you justify our distrust. You never get rid of the old leaven. Your

support of this Herr Kohn reveals the Jewish clannishness.

MOSEK. [*Vehemently.*] I know that I am entirely free from it. You falsely attribute it to me. I see in Dr. Kohn only a human being—you will admit, I suppose, that he *is* a human being?

QUINCKE. Human beings—human beings—there are also human beings who debase God's image.

MOSEK. Do you know, when I hear you say such things, I could almost agree with Kohn, who is very enthusiastic about the return to Palestine, and the regeneration of the Jews.

QUINCKE. If only that were not Jewish boasting! The people ought to go, the sooner the better. Only they should leave the gains they have tricked Christian people out of during the centuries.

MOSEK. A true distributor of property, and socialistic robber, could say nothing different.

QUINCKE. Who dares venture to call restitution of property, robbery!

MOSEK. No matter. I need not discuss these questions with you. But I will not conceal that I am astonished and embarrassed to encounter such opinions in you. When I am forced to say to myself that, per-

haps, during all these years, you have cherished such feelings toward me . . .

QUINCKE. I have already told you once: I do not regard you as a Jew—so long as you do not force me to do so.

MOSEK. Very well. Then I *will* force you to it, as you force me. You strip from the Jew even the dignity of a human being, and you do not make any difference whether he is baptized or not. His blood is impure—he is an immoral materialist—he poisons the air of a Christian household—I must take all this to myself.

QUINCKE. No.

MOSEK. Yes. Let me now express my opinion also. I descend from Jewish parents, and their blood was as pure as any that flows in human veins. I by no means regarded it an honor to enter your family, for I was always at least as good as all of you.

QUINCKE. [*In an outburst of rage.*] Do you tell me that to my face?

MOSEK. Certainly. And I only wonder that you, a Christian, a clergyman, can so completely forget what the gospel says about arrogance and the pride of the flesh.



QUINCKE. [*Stammering with fury.*] You—you—Moser—throw the scriptures into my—my—face! That is—that is strong. It is true that we are all equal before the Lord. But before men we are not equal. Before I was Superintendent, before I was a clergyman, I was Baron von Quincke. Do you speak of my family with such presumption here—here in the presence of these portraits? Must I remind you that your grandfather would never have dared to look yonder nobleman, [*Pointing to the older picture.*] my grandfather, in the eye, that he would always have stood before him trembling, with back bowed in humility?

MOSEER. That is very possible. For this chivalrous nobleman would undoubtedly have been capable of doing my grandfather some violence. It was perfectly safe for him. His lordship had nothing to fear from the weak, defenseless outlaw. But a century has passed since that time, and no one trembles and cringes now-a-days. Not even Dr. Kohn. Let us cut this matter short. I have always showed you all the respect that is your due as the head of my wife's family, and a prominent dignitary in the church. I have willingly granted you an influence in my family which, perhaps, was greater than my self respect ought to permit. I regret that you have not seen for yourself where the line must be drawn. Emma did wrong to appeal to you. The

marriage of one of my children is my most personal affair, in which no one has a right to interfere, not even you.

QUINCKE. [*Controlling himself, somewhat more quietly than before.*] You evidently have not the right idea of the nature of the united Christian family, which answers as a whole for every one of its members.

MOSEB. I have this idea so fully, that I feel it as a grave impropriety when an attempt is made to infringe upon my paternal rights. [*A short pause.*]

QUINCKE. As a man and a nobleman, I ought to leave now without another word, and let this be our last meeting. But my religion teaches me patience and humility. I must not forget that the unfortunate Christine is of my blood also, and—which is far more important—that I am her spiritual father. You would endanger her faith if you gave her to an infidel, and this heavy sin . . .

MOSEB. What is the use of this farce? You are not in the pulpit here. You will make no impression on me with your religious clap-trap.

QUINCKE. [*Savagely.*] You dare!

MOSEB. I do dare. I am a Christian through my belief in "Love your neighbor as yourself" and the Lord's prayer. But the other stories . . .

QUINCKE. And in this conviction you received the holy sacrament of baptism.

MOSEER. Do you suppose that baptism made me a weak-minded prayer-monger? I was baptized to be united with my nation.

QUINCKE. What is your nation?

MOSEER. I will no longer answer such questions. But I never troubled myself about your dogmas.

QUINCKE. And in this mood you made your confession of faith in the Holy Trinity? In this conviction you took the sacred communion at the Lord's table? So your whole life was a lie, your every word a blasphemy, your every act a mockery of our Lord and Savior? So you stole into our flock to bring evil and sin. There the Hebrew's real face sneers at me—in all its hideousness.

MOSEER. [*Furiously, in a very loud tone, seizing an armchair and striking it noisily on the floor.*] Not another word! Or I will use my authority as master of this house.

SCENE VI.

[*The same. Christine. Frau Moser.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Rushing in from the right, darts to her father, and clings to him.*] For Heaven's sake, Papa!

FRAU MOSER. [*Entering from first door at the left.*]
What is the matter, that you are talking so loud?

MOSER. [*Striding toward the door at the right.*]
Under my own roof! The measure is full. I have
enough of you all. [*Exit with Christine, who follows
him, deeply troubled. He bangs the door violently be-
hind him.*]

SCENE VII.

[*Frau Moser, Quincke, Marie, Carl, Ernst enter ex-
citedly through the first door at the left, and surround
Frau Moser and Quincke.*] .

FRAU MOSER. [*Anxiously.*] What does this mean,
Leberecht? Have you quarreled? Surely you have
not been too harsh?

[QUINCKE. I have just experienced the most painful
hour of my life. Spiritual sewers have opened before
my eyes, whose base remembrance is horrible. Poor
Emma, poor children, I can do nothing for you but
pray. [*Sinks into an armchair and rests his forehead
on his hand.*]

FRAU MOSER. [*As before.*] What does Christian
say?

CARL. So my father will give her to him?

QUINCKE. [*Starting up.*] Your father—[*Control-
ling himself.*] No. I must say nothing to the son

which will incense him against the father. My dear Emma, I will never set foot in this house again. Words were uttered which no fire, no aqua-fortis can burn from the memory.

FRAU MOSEB. Why did you send me out? You must have misunderstood, Christian is the gentlest, most patient of men; he cannot possibly . . .

QUINCKE. [*Interrupting her.*] Never mind. We are all the victims of a lifelong hypocrisy, which a German cannot imagine because he is incapable of it. Come, Marie, we must stay here no longer.

MARIE. [*Anxiously.*] Oh, Father, and Carl . .

QUINCKE. [*Agitated.*] My poor child, your fate cuts me to the heart, but I cannot avert it.

CARL. [*Clasping Marie's hand.*] Uncle, do not ask me to give her up.

QUINCKE. You must, my dear Carl. We must. It is a visitation of the Lord, and we have to bear it as Christians. Humbly, and with contrite hearts.

CARL. There is no wife in the world for me except Marie.

MARIE. And I will remain faithful to you till my dying breath.

QUINCKE. I cannot prevent that. If you endure the purification, perhaps there may yet be earthly hap-

piness for you. The ways of Providence are unfathomable. But, meanwhile, you must consider your betrothal broken. [*Marie throws herself sobbing on Frau Moser's breast.*] The Lord visits the sins of the fathers upon the children.

FRAU MOSEER. I am conscious of no sin.

QUINCKE. I am thinking of our father. He did not guard his family against the entrance of the most corrupting sham—Christianity. I believed unsuspiciously, and in love, that I had a Christian before me, and all the while a sneering, watchful Jew confronted me. Come, Marie. [*Takes Marie by the arm. She sorrowfully holds out her hand to Carl. He kisses it. Quincke makes his exit with Marie through the first door to the left. Frau Moser, Carl, Ernst follow despondently.*]

SCENE VIII.

[*Moser. Christine.*]

MOSEER. [*Opening the door at the right and entering, when he sees that the drawing-room is empty.*] That hypocritical parson! [*Paces up and down excitedly.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Following him.*] It breaks my heart that I am to blame for this quarrel. I was prepared

for opposition, but that Uncle Leberecht would go so far . . .

MOSEB. [*Stroking her head.*] Don't reproach yourself, my darling. It is well as it is. If I were more devout, I would say: It is a dispensation of Providence. I have lived in self-deception. Now my eyes are opened.] The operation was somewhat painful. But it was necessary. I hope it will also be useful.

CHRISTINE. I don't know what you mean, Papa.

MOSEB. But I know, my pet. [*Half aside.*] [I was always filled to the bottom of my heart with pure, honest, loyal, fraternal love, and now I must learn how I was repaid all the time. With hatred and contempt. True, I deserved the scorn. Why shouldn't they consider themselves superior? I certainly gave cause for their arrogance by my unmanly denial of my origin. I am ashamed of myself, Christine, I am ashamed of myself.]

SCENE IX.

[*The same. Carl and Ernst, through the first door at the left.*]

CARL. [*Gloomily.*] Father, pardon me if I speak without your requesting me to do so.

MOSEB. [*Sternly.*] If I have not consulted you, it was apparently because I place no special value on your opinion.

ERNST. [*Boldly.*] So much the worse. But we are determined not to tolerate this Dr. Kohn as a brother-in-law.

MOSEB. [*Turning furiously upon him.*] Silence at once, you raw boy.

ERNST. [*Drawing back.*] I must forbid you to talk so, Father. I am a member of the Franco-Thuringia, and must receive no insult, no matter from whom it may come.

MOSEB. Begone! Out of my sight, you spoiled brat! If you don't go at once, I'll make up for what I unfortunately neglected in your childhood.

ERNST. I should like to see you!

CARL. [*Seizing him by the arm.*] Go, Ernst! This is unseemly. Go. I command you! [*Thrusts Ernst out through the first door at the left.*]

SCENE X.

[*Moser. Carl. Christine.*]

CARL. [*In a subdued tone, firmly.*] Father, I entreat your pardon for Ernst. He is young and impetuous.

MOSEB. What more?

CARL. I also entreat you to listen to me for a mo-

ment. I think my age and position give me a claim to that. Christine, leave us alone a moment.

CHRISTINE. I should like to stay, Carl. I beseech you, dear Carl, do not be so cruel.

MOSEER. Stay, my child. [*To Carl.*] I expect that you will utter no word that could wound your sister.

CARL. [*Curtly and coldly.*] An officer of the Guards may be trusted to put what he has to say in a suitable form. But I shall express myself fully, and therefore, it would have been more agreeable to me to be alone with you. But since I do not command here, I must submit. [*A short pause.*] Father, what answer do you intend to give Dr. Kohn?

MOSEER. You have no right to ask me that.

CARL. Pardon me, if I hold a different opinion. Your decision affects the welfare of the family . . .

MOSEER. [*Hotly.*] Whose head I am. I will tolerate no interference with my rights.

CARL. I am the last person who would rebel against the rights of a superior. But we, too, have rights, which must also be recognized. Since you refuse an answer, I am forced to the interpretation that you will consent.

MOSEER, And if I do?

CARL. Then I must say to you, in all respect, that I will not consent to this marriage of my sister.

CHRISTINE. [*Beseechingly.*] Carl . . .

MOSEER. [*Motioning her to be silent. Furiously.*] Who are you, that you dare . . .

CARL. Father, I entreat you not to forget for a moment that I am an officer.

MOSEER. I cannot forget it. I know too well what the honor costs me.

CARL. [*Contemptuously, half aside.*] Always mammon.

MOSEER. To whom do you suppose you are speaking, that you try to intimidate me with your "officer"? It is not so very long ago since I took off my captain's uniform. I faced the foe as an officer before I had the advantage of being my son's father. You do not awe me, and I tell you that your opposition does not weigh *that* with me. [*Snapping his fingers.*]

CHRISTINE. What has Dr. Kohn done to you? What have you against him?

[CARL. [*Taking no notice of her.*] If we are to live in any society, we must submit to its view of respectability. The view of respectability current in our society permits no Jew as a brother-in-law.

MOSEER. Do you, who are a Jew yourself, say that?

CARL. [*Exclaiming in astonishment.*] I!

MOSEER. I think so!

CARL. [*Controlling himself.*] You wish to humiliate me, Father.

MOSEER. Your father is a Jew, and you are so much one, that you ought to be ashamed to repeat such speeches.

CARL. [*Sullenly.*] You never told me that.

MOSEER. It was the error of my life.

CARL. The information comes too late. I have been reared in the opinions of my circle. I have been trained to demand satisfaction at the muzzle of a pistol from any one but you who insulted me with the name of Jew. I am resolved to defend the position of our family myself, if you will not.]

MOSEER. So you declare war against me?

CARL. Only under compulsion, and to my deepest sorrow.

MOSEER. As you choose. You will be convinced that I am able to cope with you and all the others. If you declare yourself my foe, I will treat you as such. In the first place you need not expect another penny from me.

CARL. That does not alarm me. I will live on the pay my profession gives me, as so many Quinckes have done.

SCENE XI.

The same. Frau Moser.

FRAU MOSER. [*Entering by first door at the left, greatly agitated.*] Christine, to think that you could bring us into this condition!

CHRISTINE. But, Mother, if I only could see why it is a crime—

FRAU MOSER. [*To Moser.*] Leberecht will never come here again. He gives us up.

MOSER. [*Grimly.*] Very well.

FRAU MOSER. Can you justify yourself for separating brother and sister?

MOSER. Do you want to go with him? You are free to do so.

CHRISTINE. [*Rushing to her mother.*] No, Mamma, no, no, you will stay with me!

SCENE XII.

[*The same. Servant. Servant entering at the right, silently offers Moser on a salver, a visiting card. Moser takes the card, and starts.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Involuntarily.*] He?

CARL. [*Quickly.*] That happens well. I can have an explanation with the gentleman at once.

MOSEB. Show Dr. Kohn into the library. [*Exit servant at right.*]

SCENE XIII.

[*Moser, Frau Moser, Carl, Christine.*]

MOSEB. [*Fiercely.*] You won't see him. I forbid you! I am still master in my own house!

CARL. [*Bowing.*] You can forbid my seeing him here. It will merely be in some other place.

CHRISTINE. [*Full of terror.*] Father, we cannot prevent a meeting. Let it take place in our presence. Carl, you will not insult him. You dare not.

MOSEB. [*Gloomily. To Carl.*] Woe betide you, if you forget yourself.

CARL. Oh—woe betide me—that is a strange expression.

MOSEB. [*Opens the door at the right.*] May I ask you to walk in, Doctor.

SCENE XIV.

[*The same. Kohn.*]

KOHN. [*Enters. He kisses the hand of Christine, who hastens to meet him, and approaches Frau Moser, who draws back with downcast eyes and gives him a very*

distant little bow. Kohn pauses a moment in surprise, then greeting Carl with a bend of the head, advances to Moser, who holds out his hand.] Councillor Moser, I have come to receive my fate from your hand. What have you decided?

[**MOSEK.** Dr. Kohn, yesterday I did not conceal from you that, with all my esteem for you personally, I had serious objections to your suit. Since then things have occurred which make it a point of honor for me to drop my scruples and look more closely into the matter.

KOHN. [*Joyously clasping Moser's hand.*] A thousand, thousand thanks, Councillor!

CARL. My father will pardon me if I speak now.

MOSEK. It is entirely superfluous.

CARL. [*Bowing.*] Very well. You know, Dr. Kohn, that I have something to say to you.

KOHN. Of course I am at your service, Lieutenant. But I think Councillor Moser will have no objection to an immediate and, I hope, friendly explanation, if I add my request to yours.

MOSEK. [*Shrugging his shoulders, sits down on the divan in the centre of the room.*] As you choose.

[**CARL.** You are scarcely in doubt that we are opposed to your suit.]

KOHN. We—who are we?

CARL. I, my younger brother, my mother . . .

KOHN. [*Sorrowfully.*] You, Frau Moser? [*She is silent.*]

CARL. My uncle, Superintendent von Quincke—the entire family.

KOHN. That is extremely painful to me, but I cherish the hope that I shall succeed in winning your confidence and friendship—yes, even your friendship!

CARL. I must not permit you to retain this hope.

CHRISTINE. [*Passionately.*] Have you a stone instead of a heart?

KOHN. May I ask what you have against me?

CARL. That is not a sincere question.

KOHN. Indeed! Well, Lieutenant, I am aware of being a reputable man. My family, unpretending as it may be, is stainless. By my position I undeniably belong to good society. I hope to give my name a reputation which will fill even you with satisfaction.

CARL. Very modest.

KOHN. There is a modesty which is hypocrisy. Frankness toward one's self and others stands on a higher plane of morality. So there is actually but one objection: my Judaism.

CARL. Ah!

KOHN. I might have hoped to encounter no anti-Semitism in this house.

CARL. [*Roughly.*] Omit any allusions of that sort, if you please.

KOHN. From my lips they can certainly contain nothing offensive. I beg you, Lieutenant, not to allow yourself to be influenced in such a manner by currents of fashion. Prevail upon yourself to conquer a prejudice. The present hatred of the Jews will abate, and people will then be unable to comprehend that any one ever desired to sacrifice the life-happiness of two people to so unjust and hateful a feeling.

MOSEB. [*Emphatically.*] Very true.

CARL. How people may think in the Twenty-Second Century I do not know. I am living in the Nineteenth, and in this age an Israelite is out of place in a Christian family. A man of tact would have inquired whether he was acceptable to the relatives before paying court to the young girl.

KOHN. [*Smiling.*] The heart really is often so wanting in tact, as to kindle with love without regard for ceremony.

CARL. Do not waste any tenor arias on me, I beg. I repeat explicitly that your proposal is unwelcome to us.

KOHN. [*Biting his lips.*] Lieutenant, I have the consent of your father and your sister.

CHRISTINE. With my whole heart.

KOHN. It would be an insult to them both, if I should consider their consent less important than your refusal. So I must regretfully accept your denial.

CARL. A man of honor would not bring discord into a united family.

MOSEB. [*Furiously.*] I have forbidden you . . .

KOHN. Pardon me, Councillor Moser. Lieutenant, I entreat you not to use any insulting words. You must consider me as an unarmed man, nay, incapable of using weapons . .

CARL. Incapable! Agreed!

KOHN. [*Very emphatically.*] Upon *you*, Lieutenant! Merely upon you! And your chivalry must restrain you from attacking a defenceless man.

CARL. These are subtleties which I am not enough of a Talmudist to appreciate properly. I repeat: If you had any honor . . .

KOHN. [*Trembling.*] Your insult recoils upon yourself, since I cannot answer it.

CARL. What you choose to pocket is your own affair.

MOSEB. Enough, you have made yourself guilty of

an unwarrantable challenge. You will apologize to Dr. Kohn at once.

KOHN. [*Advancing to Carl with outstretched hand.*] I bear you no ill-will.

CARL. [*Retreating.*] Keep your distance.

MOSEER. If you don't obey me instantly, you will no longer have any place here, and I shall no longer be your father.

CHRISTINE. Papa! Do not cast him off. He will surely recollect himself. It is certainly impossible . .

FRAU MOSEER. [*Very excitedly.*] To deny your own blood for the sake of a stranger.

CARL. [*Pointing to the portraits.*] Here are my ancestors. No one can rob me of them. You are an accident in my family.

MOSEER. [*Frantic with rage.*] Begone! Out of my sight.

CARL. I am going.

FRAU MOSEER. And I will go with you.

CHRISTINE. Mother! Do not desert me!

FRAU MOSEER. It is your own doing.

CARL. Dear, kind mother. And you, sir, I regard as a coward, and assure you of my utter contempt. [*Exit with Frau Moser through the first door at the left.*]

Christine tries to cling to her mother, who, however, roughly shakes her off.]

SCENE XV.

[*Moser, Christine, Kohn. Kohn stands motionless a moment, then slowly turns to Moser. Christine anxiously seizes his hand.*]

MOSEK. [*Lays his hand upon his shoulder. His voice is trembling with excitement.*] Dr. Kohn, I beg your pardon in all due form for the insult which has been offered you. You know that a retired captain and Knight of the Iron Cross is addressing you. You will consider that sufficient satisfaction.

KOHN. [*Raising his head, in a hollow tone.*] Coun-
cillor, Lieutenant Moser-Quincke is of age and respon-
sible.

MOSEK. What do you mean? Do you intend to challenge him?

CHRISTINE. Leo! That is impossible.

KOHN. It is impossible to accept the insult.

MOSEK. As your father-in-law, I bid you give up any thought of that kind.

KOHN. [*Embraces Moser, whose hand Christine kisses at the same time.*] A thousand, thousand thanks for that word—it makes me inexpressibly happy.

MOSEB. That is right, that is right—then you will obey me?

[*Kohn remains silent.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Full of anxiety.*] Leo, you cannot fight with my brother. Whichever the bullet strikes, it will pass through my heart.

KOHN. I will not burden my soul with the sin of shedding blood, I can promise you that.

MOSEB. Nor must you let my reckless son commit the sin.

KOHN. That no longer depends upon me.

CHRISTINE. And do you believe that your life is less dear to me than my brother's? Will you, from arrogance, from vanity—it is nothing else—drive me to desperation?

KOHN. It is neither arrogance nor vanity, my dear one. [So far as I am personally concerned, I would shrug my shoulders at the insult. My self-respect does not depend upon an angry exclamation from an excited young man. But this matter is becoming noised abroad, there is no doubt of it—and it will be discussed in the usual, general way. People will not condemn me, the individual, Leo Kohn, but the Jew—all Jews. The disgrace to which I submit will rest upon my whole race. This dictates my duty.]

MOSEK. I shall know how to prevent any madness. I will appeal to the magistrates, if necessary.

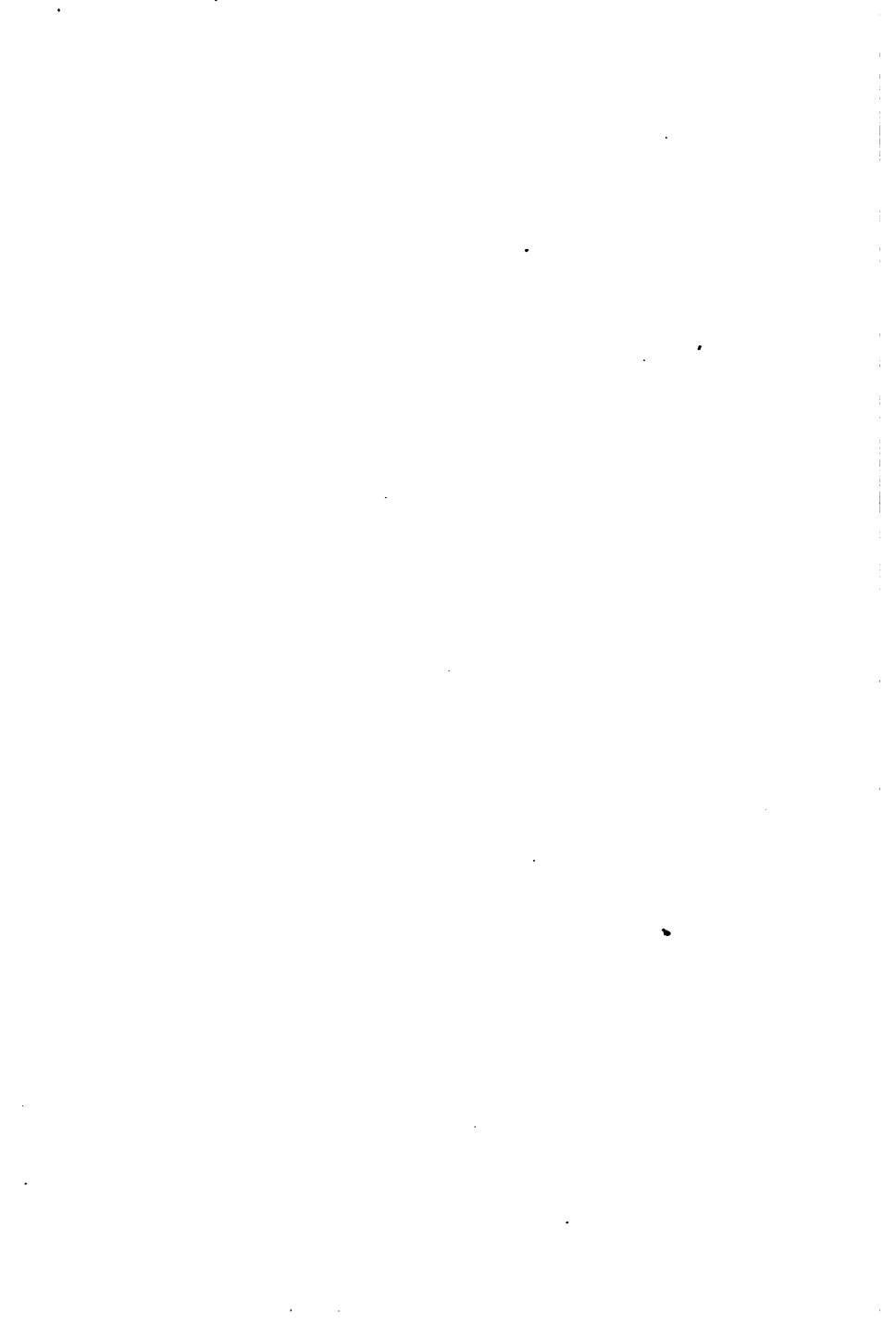
KOHN. [*Pressing his hand.*] I know that you will do everything that is forced upon you. So shall I.

CHRISTINE. So your race is dearer to you than I?

KOHN. You are dearer to me than everything the world contains. But I can worship you without becoming a traitor to my race. Perhaps I am in the unhappy position solely because each individual Jew has not kept before his mind the fact that his enemy's hatred imposes upon him the honor of being the legitimate representative of his whole race. The forces that encountered each other in this room today, were currents of the world's history thousands of years old. So much the worse for the individual who has the misfortune to stand at the point of contact.

CHRISTINE. [*Clinging to Kohn.*] Papa, help me! We won't allow it. I will not, Leo, I will not! }

FOURTH ACT.



ACT FOURTH.

Drawing-room in Moser's house. The two portraits between the three windows at the back of the apartment have been replaced by other pictures, the one at the left represents a group consisting of a stout lady, magnificently dressed in the style of the year 1860, with large diamonds in her ears and hair, on her neck, bosom, arms and fingers, seated in a gilt armchair, on whose back leans a broad-shouldered rotund gentleman, in a dress-coat, with three orders on his button-hole. He has a double chin, a carefully trimmed imperial, and is bald—a typical banker. The picture at the right is a large India ink drawing of a tombstone, the upper portion bearing an inscription in Hebrew, the lower in German characters. The names "Jonas Mayer Moses," and "Rachel Moses, born Levinger" are perfectly distinct.

SCENE I.

[Moser, Christine, Amschel Kohn, Frau Kohn. Frau Kohn dressed in black, in an old-fashioned country style, with her hair parted; Amschel Kohn, in a long loose black coat, with long grey beard, and a little greasy black silk skull cap on his head. Frau Kohn

looks as if she had been crying. She sits stiffly on the edge of a sofa corner at the left, Christine, closely clasping with both hands the woman's nerveless right hand, nestles beside her. Kohn sits with bowed shoulder on the divan, staring fixedly at the floor. Moser stands beside him.

KOHN. [*With a Jewish accent, but not an exaggerated one.*] It would have been better if they could have brought him to us.

MOSEK. That was utterly impossible, Herr Kohn, utterly impossible—an hour's journey by rail.

KOHN. But in an ambulance?

MOSEK. He could only have been permitted to ride at a very slow pace, perhaps a walk. That would have occupied an entire day.

FRAU KOHN. Is he so severely wounded, Councillor Moser? Tell me—I shall die.

MOSEK. He is in the best hands, Frau Kohn. Professor Zittel is our leading surgeon. Whatever human skill can accomplish, will be done.

KOHN. [*Involuntarily clasping his hands.*] I will hope in the Almighty.

FRAU KOHN. I must go in to him, Councillor Moser. I want to see my child.

CHRISTINE. Would not I be with him, if it were possible?

MOSEER. What are you thinking of, Frau Kohn? It is no place for the nearest relatives while an operation is being performed. We must all wait patiently. [*A short pause.*]

KOHN. But he cannot stay here in your house. He ought to have been taken to the hospital, if he could not be brought home.

CHRISTINE. Oh, Herr Kohn, at least grant us that. We will nurse him as well as you can possibly do.

KOHN. I know, Miss, I know. I don't mean the nursing.

MOSEER. What will he lack here?

KOHN. He will lack nothing. But I think—on account of the others in the house.

MOSEER. [*Turning away, in a hollow tone.*] There are no others in the house.

CHRISTINE. Don't hate me, Frau Kohn. They were just as cruel to me as to Leo. [*Frau Kohn releases her hand to wipe her eyes.*]

[MOSEER. You won't bear us ill-will, Herr Kohn? [*Takes his hand*']

KOHN. [*Reluctantly yielding it.*] Why should one! What God does is well done. Nothing befalls us here that is not first decreed in Heaven.]

SCENE II.

[The same. Zittel. Zittel enters through the door at the left.]

CHRISTINE. *[Starts up and rushes to Zittel, to whom Moser also rapidly advances.]* How is he, Professor?

[Zittel looks inquiringly at Kohn and his wife.]

MOSER. Our wounded patient's parents. Professor Zittel.

ZITTEL. *[Pausing.]* Ah!

KOHN. *[Rising.]* Can we hope, Professor?

FRAU KOHN. May I go in to him now?

ZITTEL. Of course you can hope. While there is life, we must always hope. If you want to go in, I have no objection. He is sleeping now, under the influence of chloroform. You must keep perfectly quiet. But you can see him. *[Christine takes Frau Kohn's arm. Exeunt both through first door at the left. Kohn follows.]*

SCENE III.

[Moser. Zittel.]

MOSER. Well, Professor? The truth!

ZITTEL. I have no hope.

MOSEK. [*With an exclamation.*] For God's sake!
[*A short pause.*] And cannot the operation save him?

ZITTEL. An artery in the mesentery is injured—great loss of blood—unfortunately, the intestines, too, are protruding. We have, perhaps, averted inflammation of the peritoneum. Possibly! But the loss of blood, and the nervous shock—as I said—I fear—my dear Councillor—it will be well to prepare the poor parents.

MOSEK. [Have you absolutely no hope, Professor?

ZITTEL. [*Shrugging his shoulders.*] If he survives the night, recovery is not impossible. The next few hours will decide. Poor Kohn! A young man, with so bright a future before him—well, we can't change anything. Good-bye for the present, my dear Councillor.

MOSEK. [*Anxiously.*] Are you going, Professor?

ZITTEL. The patient does not need me now. I shall leave my assistants and a practitioner. These gentlemen can inject ether and artificial serum, if necessary, just as well as I. And I can do nothing more. So good-bye for the present. [*Exit at the right. Moser rings the bell beside the mantel-piece and accompanies Zittel to the door, where he lingers a short time. As he turns back into the room, a servant appears at the door.*]

SCENE IV.

SERVANT. Excuse me, sir.

MOSEK. [*With a weary gesture.*] Well?

SERVANT. The young gentleman, Herr Ernst, has been here.

MOSEK. Indeed! [*Short pause.*] What did he want?

SERVANT. The usual loan, sir. As usual. Though this is only the third day. [*Moser, with a gloomy face, paces slowly to and fro.*] I—I wanted to ask first whether I am authorized, as usual . . .

MOSEK. [*Standing still.*] You can give, or refuse, as you choose. The matter is no longer any concern of mine.

SERVANT. I thought so, sir. Of course I refused. [*A short pause.*] The young gentleman wanted his things too.

MOSEK. His things?

SERVANT. Yes. His clothing and linen. His books too. He says he must leave the house.

MOSEK. Is he here now?

SERVANT. No. He went off again. We only talked together at the garden gate. He would not come in.

MOSEK. Do you know where he is?

SERVANT. I can find out at the rooms of the corps, I think.

MOSER. Let him have the most necessary articles, and tell him that he need not arrange to leave the house.

SERVANT. Thank God.

MOSER. I will leave it.

SERVANT. Sir!

MOSER. Yes, Wilhelm. When, will depend upon the condition of Dr. Kohn. [*A short pause.*] Has Frau Moser come home?

SERVANT. No, sir. She sent word not to wait supper for her.

MOSER. Sent word? By whom?

SERVANT. By the Herr Superintendent's servant.

MOSER. Indeed! And I hear this now for the first time, quite by accident?

SERVANT. It is not five minutes since the man was here. [*Hesitatingly.*] Frau Moser sent word, too, that she should stay at the Herr Superintendent's, as long as we—as we have visitors.

MOSER. Indeed! She sends that message by a servant! Well. We won't imitate her example. I'll write a few words, and you will deliver the letter.

SERVANT. Yes, sir.

MOSEK. Our visitors need not drive my wife from her home. No one shall disturb her, and she must see no one whom she does not desire to see, not even me, and Fräulein Christine. Yes, Wilhelm. You would not have believed things could ever reach such a pass, when you drank our health last year at our silver wedding, would you?

SERVANT. No indeed, sir. But—if I may venture to speak—I think—it will pass.

MOSEK. No, Wilhelm, it will not pass. I am really the guest in this house. I do not belong here.

SERVANT. I cannot imagine that, sir.

MOSEK. Have no anxiety on your own account. You can consider yourself as part of the household. You must retain your place, I will attend to that.

SERVANT. You won't treat me that way, sir, surely. You will take me with you wherever you go. I do not consider myself as belonging to the household, but to the Councillor. I've been under fire in your command, and served you twenty-six years to the best of my ability, and I'll continue to do so, even if Herr Dr. Kohn comes into the family as a son-in-law.

MOSEK. [*With bitter self-derision.*] What! You are even ready to forgive me Dr. Kohn? You are more indulgent to me than my own flesh and blood. Well,

we will see. [*Some one knocks at the door at the right. The servant opens it. Another man presents a card, which Wilhelm carries to his master. Moser, after glancing at it.*] Of course! Show him in! [*Wilhelm opens the door, admits Kielholt, and retires.*]

SCENE V.

[*Moser. Kielholt.*]

KIELHOLT. [*Holding out both hands to Moser, who approaches him, and shaking his cordially.*] My dear Councillor, what sad things we are experiencing! Terrible, terrible! [*Seating himself beside Moser on the divan.*] How is poor Kohn?

MOSEER. Badly off. Very badly.

KIELHOLT. [*Shakes his head sadly.*] Zittel is attending him, I hear.

MOSEER. Of course.

KIELHOLT. What does he say?

MOSEER. He gives him up.

KIELHOLT. Terrible, terrible. [*A short pause.*] This unfortunate affair was not to be prevented?

MOSEER. [*Eagerly.*] What human foresight could plan, was done. My conscience acquits me of all blame.

KIELHOLT. But, my dear Councillor, who would think of reproaching you?

MOSEB. Oh, it comes tolerably close. But what could I do? I begged and entreated Dr. Kohn to be sensible. I might just as well have talked to a stone wall.

KIELHOLT. Yes, the obstinacy of these people . . .

MOSEB. True, he was the person insulted.]

KIELHOLT. Ah! He was the person insulted? That is—I would not on any account be indiscreet.

MOSEB. [*Gloomily.*] Oh, what does being discreet or indiscreet matter! Things like those which happened yesterday in this house are not to be kept secret in this city. My spoiled son deeply insulted Kohn—in my presence—in defiant rebellion against me—for a reason . . .

KIELHOLT. Which I can guess—Fräulein Christine . . .

MOSEB. You are perfectly correct. And therefore Kohn could say with a semblance of justice: Induce your son to beg my pardon....

KIELHOLT. Beg his pardon—an officer—a difficult matter.

MOSEB. I did not accomplish it. These are the joys of paternity, Herr President! My daughter went to her brother herself, she actually threw herself at his feet—he showed her the door! Do you hear, Professor, he positively had the heart to show my Christine,

my sobbing, despairing Christine, the door? And even my wife, my wife refused to interfere in any way unless Kohn first formally resigned my Christine's hand! I scarcely had courage to tell Kohn this condition. Of course he did not let me finish; he would die a thousand times rather than give up Christine—and he entreated me to keep my daughter from taking any humiliating steps } . .

KIELHOLT. Why, certainly—to thrust ladies forward—might cause interpretations . . .

MOSER. In short, nothing could be done with him. [I hurried to the Chief of Police, who is my friend. He was ready at once to go to the utmost limits of his authority. But at the same time he said something very cruel. I should expose my son to very unpleasant comments, if I, his father, appealed to the police to protect him, an officer, from the pistol of a man whom he had insulted.] You see my situation!

KIELHOLT. The worthy Chief of Police might have withheld that opinion. Your son's courage is too well known for any one to imagine that he would have put you forward to shield himself in an affair of honor.

MOSER. I did not allow myself to be deterred by the scruple. [The Chief of Police had Kohn shadowed, but it was no difficult matter to escape the oversight. The sleepy-headed policeman lost sight of him. When they

again got on his track, the misfortune had happened and Kohn lay unconscious in the forest-house near the meadow. We were notified by the Chief of Police, and could bring the mortally wounded man here. [*A pause.*]

Now tell me yourself: Am I to blame?

KIELHOLT. Certainly not. You did everything in human power. [*It is a fatality. Did Kohn recover consciousness?*]

MOSEB. He came to himself a moment when he heard my daughter's voice, and even, in a whisper, besought her to forgive him. Then his senses failed again. At least until now.]

KIELHOLT. Yes, yes. A terrible affair. Do you know the particulars of the duel?

MOSEB. To be frank, hitherto I have felt no inclination to learn them. The four hours we have spent since we received the first news were too terrible.

[KIELHOLT. I understand that. Well, I have just received the reports of Dr. Kohn's seconds. I am sorry to be compelled to say so, but our poor Kohn did not act quite correctly.]

MOSEB. How?

KIELHOLT. He fired into the air.]

MOSEB. [*In a stifled tone.*] As a father, I dare not

reproach him for it. And, in his position, he really could scarcely do otherwise.

KIELHOLT. Pardon me, my dear Councillor, we agree concerning the act, but the form was not correct. He could shoot past your son. That was open to him, and is not difficult. But he should have feigned to aim. He ought not to have fired openly into the air. That was something—well, he did not have the good fortune to grow up in chivalrous ideas. He was obliged to educate himself to them. It was not the poor fellow's fault.

[MOSER. I must admit that I don't yet see the incorrectness.

KIELHOLT. [*Surprised.*] You don't see it? The opponents had the right to advance five paces. Your son did this at once with his usual alertness. [To rush upon a foe who will fire is a brave deed. But to try to aim a pistol within as short a distance as possible at an antagonist who will not fire, can easily be called by another name. A gentleman should not place a courageous officer in so difficult a position.] But perhaps it is unkind for me coolly to pronounce judgment, while the unfortunate man's wounds are probably still bleeding. If at least we might have the consolation that this misfortune would act as a serious warning.

Would that all our Anti-Semites could be brought to poor Kohn's couch of suffering to behold their work.

MOSEER. I think you over-estimate the moral sensibility of these gentlemen, if you suppose that the spectacle would produce any impression upon them.]

KIELHOLT. You may be right. Yes, we are living in a pleasant age. Posterity will deride our aspirations and laugh at our ideals. We are the supporters of a view of the world which must declare itself vanquished. The Barbarians are rushing over our heads, and we shall lie crushed. Ah, my dear Councillor, I do not know how we could still rejoice in life, if we could not take refuge in Art from the horrors of reality.

MOSEER. [*Murmuring.*] Yes, the outlook is cheerless.

KIELHOLT. It is the bankruptcy of everything. What hopes our generation fixed upon marriages between the races! They would reconcile them. And what do we see? This resource also fails. I am coming to the disheartening belief that such marriages cannot effect harmony, but merely set the seal upon a reconciliation which has already been made. So long as the enmity exists, it is shutting up two foes in a room, and experience teaches that this is no way to cause an idyl of peace.

SCENE VI.

[*The same. Kohn. Kohn appears at the first door at the left and stops timidly at the sight of Kielholt.*]

MOSEK. Pray come in, Herr Kohn. Herr Kielholt, President of our University.

KIELHOLT. [*Eagerly approaching Kohn and extending his hand to him.*] It is a sorrowful pleasure to me to make your acquaintance, Herr Kohn.

KOHN. [*Coming slowly toward the centre, confused.*] Pardon, pardon, it is a great honor for me.

KIELHOLT. You have a noble son.

KOHN. [*With a trembling voice.*] Do I still have him?

MOSEK. [*Anxiously.*] How are matters going on in the sick-room?

KOHN. [*Very mournfully.*] The Omnipotent One knows. Not at all well, it seems to me.

KIELHOLT. Is your son conscious?

KOHN. His eyes are open, but I don't know whether he has recognized us. He has not spoken. Now they are giving him hypodermic injections. I can't look on. Women have stronger hearts than we.

[KIELHOLT. We will hope still. But whatever may

come, Herr Kohn, your son's chivalrous conduct must always be a consolation to you.

KOHN. Pardon me, sir, that is no consolation at all. Why should my son be chivalrous? He is no knight. We have learned from our forefathers to abhor brute force. Let others slay with bullet and fist. Our weapon is the mind.

KIELHOLT. I am of your opinion, Herr Kohn. But unfortunately there are situations where we cannot avoid seizing arms.

KOHN. Pardon me, sir, I do not see that. A Jew must know that he is living in the dispersion. He must be devout, obey the laws, and leave the rest to the Supreme Being. If the Most High imposes afflictions, he must endure them. The day of settlement will come at last, and then everything will be made smooth. But what shall shooting around us at our own will be called? These are the new notions, from which the enlightened expect so much. Fine enlightenment. Yet you see how far it goes. Men begin with the organ and the prie-dieu, and end with shooting people down. [*Sits himself on the divan and stares at the floor.*]

KIELHOLT. [*Glances expressively at Moser. Moser shrugs his shoulders significantly.*] Do you suppose I can get a look at Doctor Kohn, my dear Councillor?

MOSEK. My daughter and his mother are there with him. Professor Zittel only advised not speaking to him.

KIELHOLT. Of course I merely wish to see him.

MOSEK. [*Rings the bell at the fire-place. To servant, who enters from the right.*] Show President Kielholt to Dr. Kohn's room, Wilhelm.

[*Servant goes to the door at the left, which he opens, permits Kielholt to precede him, and then follows.*]

SCENE VII.

[*Moser. Kohn.*]

MOSEK. [*Approaching Kohn.*] Dear Herr Kohn, after all this fatigue you must want a little rest. I have ordered a room to be prepared for you both. If you will allow me, I will take you to it. We shall probably all have much need of our strength.

KOHN. No, thank you, Councillor Moser. I am not tired. People of our stamp are accustomed to endure a great deal.

MOSEK. But your wife . . .

KOHN. She will not wish to part from our child. If she can be induced to leave his bedside, I will take her with me later.

MOSEB. Take her with you?

KOHN. [*Hesitating.*] Yes, I always stay with an acquaintance when I am in the city.

[MOSEB. What! You won't remain with us!

KOHN. I don't wish to inconvenience you.

MOSEB. But I most earnestly entreat you to stay.

KOHN. [*Firmly.*] It cannot be.

MOSEB. Are you too proud to accept the hospitality we so gladly offer?

KOHN. Proud! I know how to appreciate the honor. But a Jew is not permitted to sleep in any room where no mesusa is put up. It would require too much time to explain what that is. It is a sacred object, nailed upon the door-post.

MOSEB. Can it be bought?

KOHN. Certainly.

MOSEB. Well, then we will have one nailed on for you.

KOHN. [*Eagerly.*] No, no, indeed. It requires far too many ceremonies.

MOSEB. But you will at least accept some refreshment?

KOHN. [*Quickly.*] No, I thank you—excuse me—I really do not want it.

MOSEB. I will have nothing set before you except eggs, fruit, wine, and such things.

KOHN. No. We will go to the Jewish tavern later.

MOSEB. But fruit and eggs are nowhere forbidden.

KOHN. No. But the table service. The dishes.

MOSEB. [*Shaking his head.*] So I can do nothing for you at all? [*Kohn makes with both arms a gesture of regret.*] You will sit here like a stranger, almost like a foe?

KOHN. I am no foe, Councillor Moser, but I am a stranger in a strange land.

MOSEB. The father of my daughter's future husband, the father of my son-in-law cannot remain a stranger.

KOHN. I thank you for the consolation. We are all sons of Adam.

MOSEB. And in this case we are probably somewhat nearer allied than by Adam. [*Kohn is silent.*] Don't you think so?

KOHN. I am a Jew, Councillor Moser.

MOSEB. [*Struggling with the word.*] I—was one.

KOHN. [*Embarrassed, stammering.*] You—you—have changed. Each must hold to his own kin.

SCENE VIII.

[*The same. Kielholt.*]

KIELHOLT. [*Entering from the left, deeply agitated, clasping Kohn's hand.*] May God give you strength to bear the blow, Herr Kohn.

KOHN. [*Starting up.*] Woe, woe! Is he—God forbid . . .

KIELHOLT. [*Nodding.*] Yes. All is over. [*Moser, who at Kielholt's first words has started violently, exit quickly at left.*]

SCENE IX.

[*Kielholt. Kohn.*]

KOHN. [*Stands a moment as if dazed, then says loudly and slowly, in a voice choked by tears.*] The Lord gave him, the Lord has taken him; blessed be the name of the Lord forever! [*Sinks upon the divan and, shaken by noiseless sobs, hides his face in his hands.*]

KIELHOLT. [*After a short pause, compassionately.*] Compose yourself, Herr Kohn. You must cheer your poor wife.

KOHN. [*Raising his agitated face, bewildered.*] What is it? My wife? Yes, Herr Kielholt, yes. It

is only so—so bitter—I trust in God. His blood will be upon the murderer!

KIELHOLT. You ought not to say “murderer,” Herr Kohn. It was an honorable duel.

KOHN. [*Stares fixedly at him. Struggling vainly with his emotion.*] Yes. You are right, President Kielholt. Woe is me, woe is me. [*He sinks down a moment in his anguish, then composes himself and leaves the room.*]

SCENE IX.

[*Kielholt, Moser, Christine.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Led by Moser, resisting.*] Let me go Papa, let me go. I want to stay with him.

MOSEER. Little Christine, my dear little Christine, listen to me. You can do nothing more for him. See, President Kielholt is here.

KIELHOLT. [*Goes up to her and takes her hand.*] My poor Fräulein Christine!

CHRISTINE. He died for my sake. I will not bear it.

MOSEER. Christine!

KIELHOLT. I understand your suffering, but you must not accuse yourself.

SCENE X.

[*The same. Kohn. Frau Kohn. Frau Kohn, led by Kohn, totters in from the left.*]

KOHN. [*Pressing her to his side, and caressing her.*] Calm yourself, Nancy, calm yourself, God will help us.

[KIELHOLT. I entreat you as a Christian, forgive us, and do not resent upon all the sins of a few. Your poor son's death will open the eyes of many, and accomplish much good. Anti-Semitism will pass away and we shall again have happier days.]

FRAU KOHN. [*Sobbing.*] But I shall not have my son again.] [*Kielholt presses Moser's hand, signs to him urgently, as he moves to accompany him, not to do so, and makes his exit quickly at the right.*]

SCENE XI.

[*Moser, Christine, Kohn, Frau Kohn.*]

MOSEER. Dear Frau Kohn, you have lost one son, I have lost two. [*Frau Kohn looks at him as if bewildered.*]

CHRISTINE. [*Throws both arms around her neck and draws her down upon the sofa at her side, moaning.*] Mother.

KOHN. [*To Moser.*] That is not the same thing.

We have lost our Kadish—he who prays for us when we are lying in the grave.

CHRISTINE. [*Sobbing.*] Mother! What have I to do in the world except to pray for us all until my last breath!

FRAU KOHN. [*Involuntarily moving a little away from her, in a voice stifled by tears.*] Only one's own son can do that.

KOHN. [*Collecting himself, to Frau Kohn.*] I am going to the authorities to have our dead taken away. Will you come with me, or stay here?

CHRISTINE. [*Shrieking.*] Don't take him away from me! Leave him with me.

KOHN. He cannot be buried from here.

MOSEK. But, Herr Kohn . . .

KOHN. [*Firmly.*] Pardon me, Councillor Moser, it cannot be.

FRAU KOHN. [*Rising with an effort.*] I will go with you, Amschel.

[CHRISTINE. [*Beseechingly.*] Stay, Mother, don't leave me here alone.

FRAU KOHN. Dear Fräulein . . .

CHRISTINE. Have I not loved him enough? Am I not your daughter?

FRAU KOHN. Dear Fräulein—dear Christine—you see, it was not God's will. You have your own mother .

CHRISTINE. She casts me off.

FRAU KOHN. You will find the way to her again. It is always to be found. And especially now, since there is no longer anything between you. My poor son [*Choked by tears.*] committed a great error. He was forced to atone for it. He had nothing to seek here. We might thus all have been spared this heart-ache.

CHRISTINE. He belongs to me, and I belong to him. It is all over. [*Sobs.*]

FRAU KOHN. You are young, dear Fräulein—dear Christine. At your age we get over everything. I thank you for having loved my Leo. Farewell. May God bless you, and help you to forget us all.

CHRISTINE. Never! Never! [*She throws herself into Frau Kohn's arms and the two silently embrace each other.*]

KOHN. [*At the door at the right, gloomily.*] Come, Nancy.

FRAU KOHN. [*Releasing herself.*] I am coming, Amschel. [*At the door she stops, kisses Christine again, signs to her to remain, and goes out quickly with Kohn.*]

SCENE XII.

[*Moser. Christine.*]

MOSEK. [*To Christine, who stands as if crushed and then sinks down on the divan; hesitating; with pauses.*]

Christine, my dear little Christine, think of yourself, think of your father, who has only you in the whole wide world. Once I renounced all my family. Now all my family renounce me. My wife and children tolerated me as a stranger. This Kohn repulses me as a stranger. To whom *do* I belong? [*Christine sobs.*] Am I no longer anything to you, my little Christine?

CHRISTINE. [*Amid her tears.*] Oh, Papa.

MOSEK. [*Kissing her hair.*] Yes, my darling, I belong to you; and that is all. I wished to escape from the curse of Judaism. But it has overtaken me. I am among men what the Jews are among nations. Your mother will now come home again. But we have perceived that we have always been strangers to each other. This breach can never, never be healed.

[*Christine rises.*]

MOSEK. Where are you going?

CHRISTINE. To him.

MOSEK. No, darling. He no longer needs you. I need you. I have only you. Stay with me. If I



could go with you—but it is too horrible to me to see him. For I am guilty of his death.

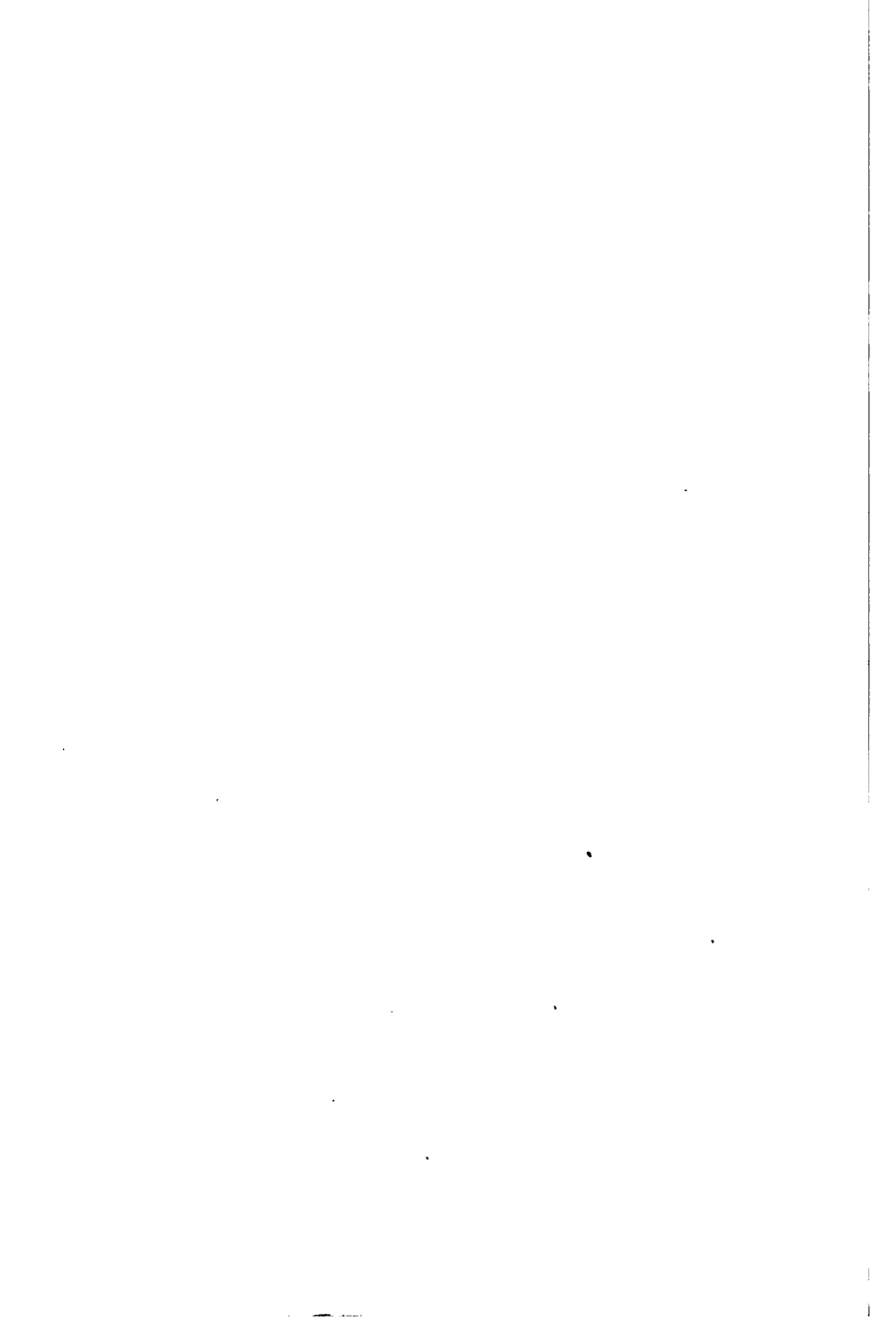
CHRISTINE. Not you, Papa, I, I! Oh, God! Oh, merciful God!

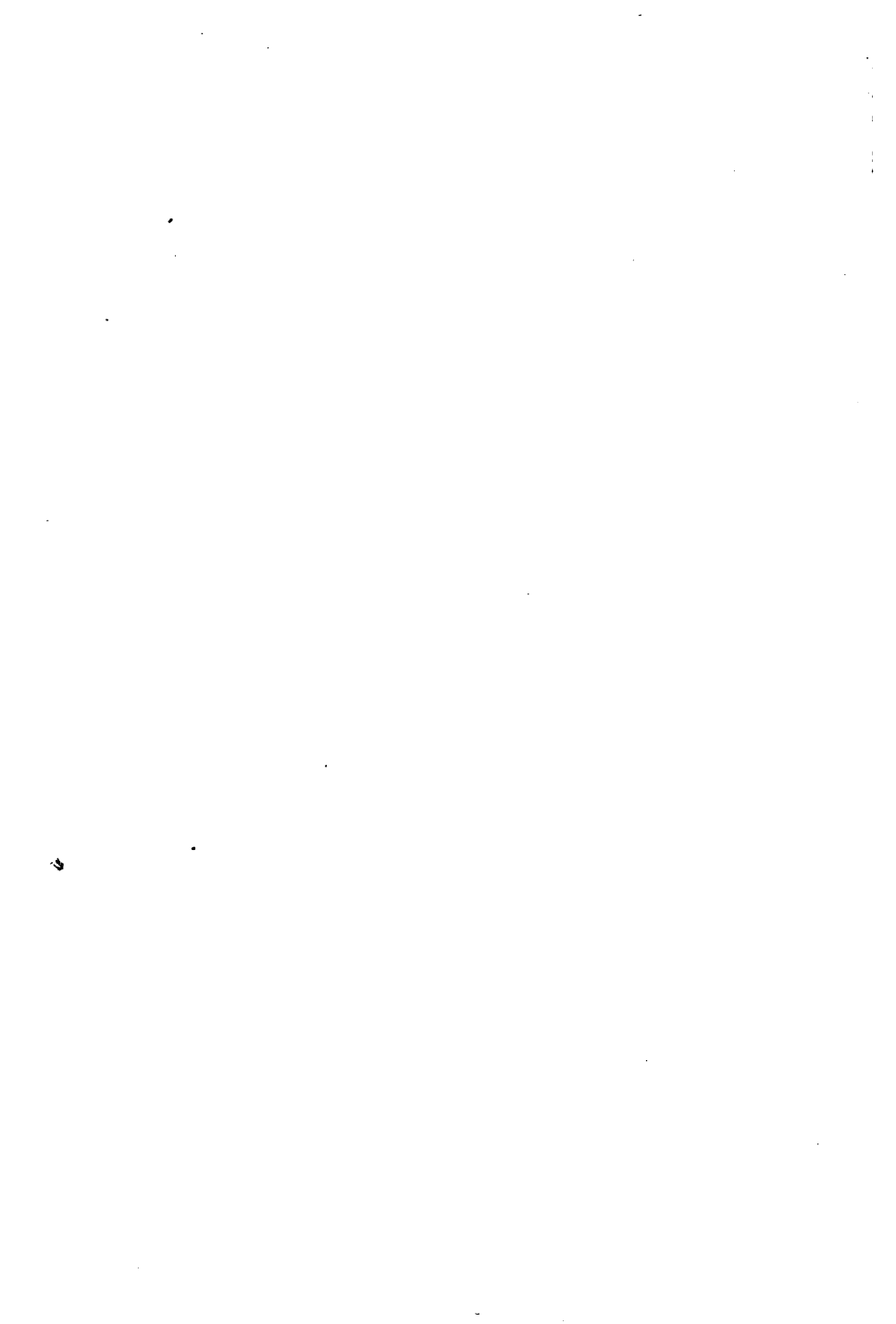
MOSEER. [*Very sorrowfully.*] I alone. I ought not have permitted Carl to be reared to hate the Jews. It was right for me to renounce Judaism. I should like to doubt it when I talk with your uncle; but when I see old Kohn before me, I am sure of it again. That is a different order of mankind, with which I have nothing more in common. But it is still my flesh and blood, though no longer my soul, and this I ought to have taught my children.

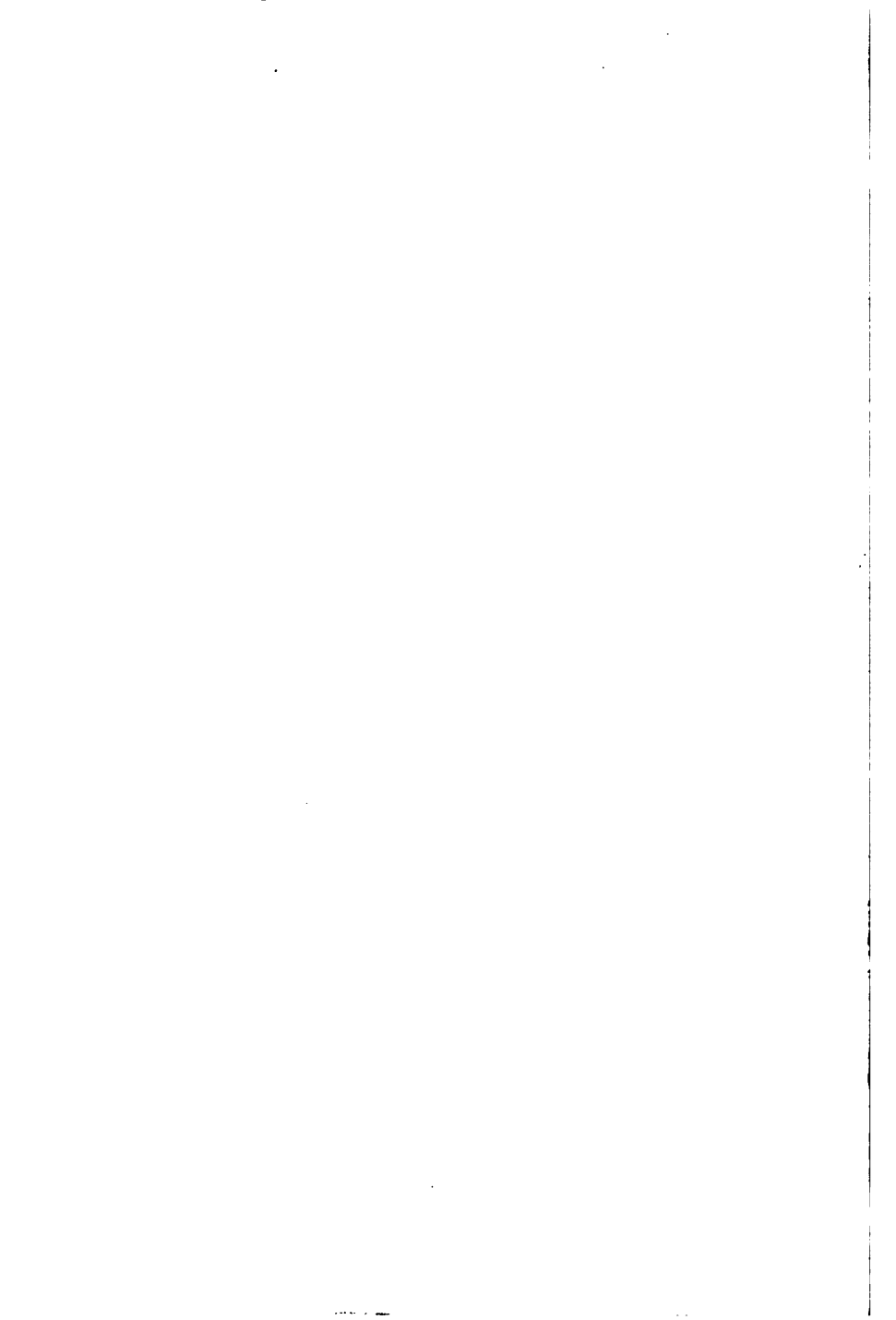
CHRISTINE. Oh, Papa, why do human beings hurt one another so?]

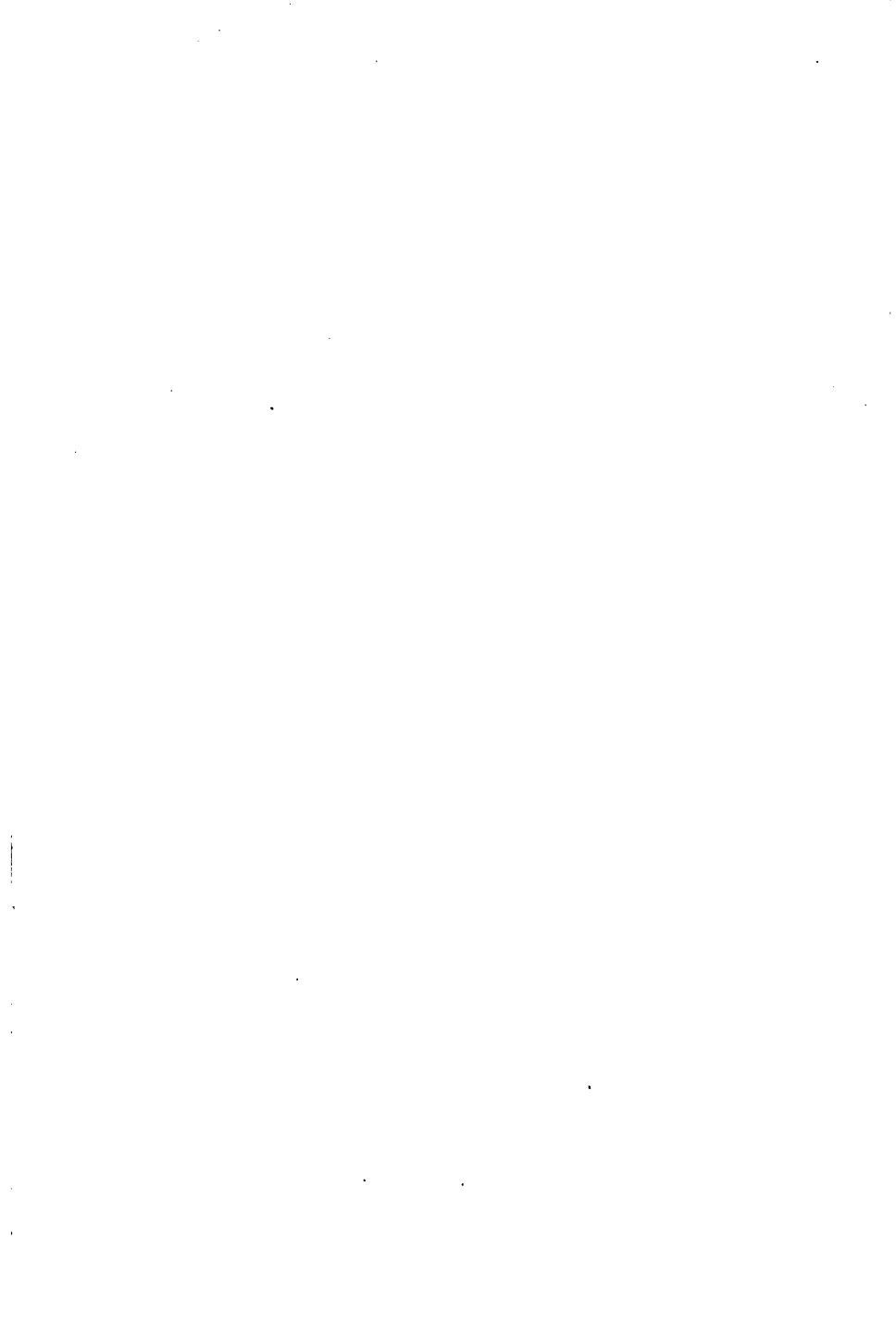
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